THE SOPHY.

As it was Acted at the Private Houſe in *Black Friars* by His Majeſties Servants.

Acted 1641

By Sir John Denham

LONDON,

Printed by *J. M.* for *H. Herringman*, at the Sign of the Blue Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange, 1671.

Actors.

Scena *Persia.*

Abbas King of *Persia.*
Mirza, the Prince, his Son.
Erythæa, the Princess, his Wife.
Haly, the King's Favourite. } Enemies to the
Mirvan, *Haly*'s Confident. } Prince.
Abdall, } Two Lords, Friends to the Prince.
Morat, }
Caliph.
Solyman, a foolish Courtier.
Soffy, the Prince his Son, now King of *Persia.*
Fatyma, his Daughter.
2 *Turkish Bashawes.*
3 *Captains.*
2 *Women.*
Physician.
Tormentors.

THE

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Actus Primus.

Enter Abdall *and* Morat.

Mor. MY Lord, you have good intelligence,
What news from the Army,
Any certainty of their design or strength?
Abd. We know not their design: But for their strength,
The disproportion is so great, we cannot but
Expect a fatal consequence.
Mor. How great, my Lord?
Abd. The Turks are fourscore thousand Foot,

And fifty thouſand Horſe. And we in the whole
Exceed not forty thouſand.

Mor. Methinks the Prince ſhould know
That Judgment's more eſſential to a General,
Than Courage, if he prove victorious
'Tis but a happy raſhneſs.

Abd. But if he loſe the battel, 'tis an error
Beyond excuſe, or remedy, conſidering
That half the Leſſer *Aſia* will follow
The Victors fortune.

Mor. 'Tis his ſingle vertue
And terror of his name, that walls us in
From danger; were he loſt, the naked Empire
Would be a prey expos'd to all Invaders.

Abd. But is't not neceſſary
The King ſhould know his danger?

Mor. To tell him of ſo great a danger,
Were but to draw a greater on our ſelves:
For though his eye is open as the mornings,
Towards luſts and pleaſures, yet ſo faſt a lethargy
Has ſeiz'd his powers towards publick cares and dangers,
He ſleeps like death.

Abd. He's a man of that ſtrange compoſition,
Made up of all the worſt extremities
Of youth, and age.

Mor. And though
He feels the heats of youth, and colds of age,
Yet neither tempers, nor corrects the other;
As if there were an Ague in his nature
That ſtill inclines to one extream.

Abd.

Abd. But the *Caliph*, or *Haly*, or ſome that know
His ſofter hours, might beſt acquaint him with it.
Mor. Alas, they ſhew him nothing
But in the glaſs of flattery, if any thing
May bear a ſhew of glory, fame, or greatneſs,
'Tis multiplyed to an immenſe quantity,
And ſtretcht even to Divinity:
But if it tend to danger, or diſhonour,
They turn about the Perſpective, and ſhew it
So little, at ſuch diſtance, ſo like nothing,
That he can ſcarce diſcern it. (ledge
Abd. 'Tis the fate of Princes, that no know-
Comes pure to them, but paſſing through the eies
And ears of other men, it takes a tincture
From every channel; and ſtill bears a reliſh
Of Flattery, or private ends.
Mor. But danger and neceſſity
Dare ſpeak the truth.
Abd. But commonly
They ſpeak not till it is too late:
And for *Haly*,
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Scene

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Princeſs, and Solyman.

King. Clear up, clear up, ſweet *Erythæa*,
That cloud that hangs upon thy brow preſages
A greater ſtorm then all the Turkiſh power
Can throw upon us, methinks I ſee my fortune
Setling her looks by thine, and in thy ſmile
Sits victory, and in thy frown our ruine:
Why ſhould not hope
As much erect our thoughts, as fear deject them?
Why ſhould we
Anticipate our ſorrows? 'tis like thoſe
That die for fear of death:
What is't you doubt, his courage, or his fortune?
Princeſs. Envy it ſelf could never doubt his courage.
King. Then let not love do worſe, by doubting (that
Which is but valours ſlave; a wife well-temper'd valour,
For ſuch is his, thoſe Giants death and danger,
Are but his Miniſters, and ſerve a Maſter
More to be fear'd than they; & the blind goddeſs
Is led amongſt the Captives in his triumph.
Princeſs. I had rather ſhe had eyes, for if ſhe ſaw
Sure ſhe would love him better; but admit (him
She

She were at once a Goddeſs, and his ſlave,
Yet fortune, valour, all is overborn
By numbers: as the long reſiſting Bank
By the impetuous Torrent.

King. That's but rumour:
Ne're did the Turk invade our Territory,
But Fame and Terrour doubled ſtill their files:
But when our Troops encountred, then we found
Scarce a ſufficient matter for our fury. *One brings word of a Meſſenger.*
Solyman conduct him in,
'Tis ſurely from the Prince.

Enter Poſt, and delivers a Letter.

King. Give it our Secretaries, I hope the Prince is well.
Poſt. The Letter will inform you. (*Enter a Meſſ.*
Meſſ. Sir, the Lords attend you. *Ex. Princeſs. Enter Lords.*
King. What news from the Army? (
Lord. Pleaſe you to hear the Letter?
King. Read it.
Lord. The Turk enraged with his laſt years overthrow,
Hath re-inforc't his Army with the choice of all his Janizars,
And the flow'r of his whole Empire; we
Underſtand by ſome Fugitives, that he hath commanded
The Generals to return with victory, or expect
A ſhameful death: what I ſhall further do,
(Their numbers five times exceeding ours)
I deſire to receive directions from your Majeſties command.

King. Send away all your Guards,

Let

Let fresh supplies of victuals, and of money----
Lord. Your Treasures
Are quite exhausted, the Exchequer's empty.
King. Send to the Bankers.
Ab. Sir, upon your late demands
They answered they were poor.
King. Sure the Villains hold a correspondence
With the enemy, and thus they would betray us:
First give us up to want, then to contempt,
And then to ruine; but tell those sons of earth
I'le have their money, or their heads.
'Tis my command, when such occasions are,
No Plea must serve; 'tis cruelty to spare.
Another Messenger. *Exeunt Lords.*
King. The Prince transported with his youthful heat,
I fear hath gone too far: 'tis some disaster,
Or else he would not send so thick: well, bring him in;
I am prepar'd to hear the worst of evils.
Enter Solyman and two Captains.
Capt. kisses his hand.
King. What is the Prince besieged in his Trenches,
And must have speedy aid, or die by Famine?
Or hath he rashly try'd the chance of War,
And lost his Army, or his Liberty?
Tell me what Province they demand for ransom:
Or if the worst of all mishaps hath fallen,
Speak, for he could not dye unlike himself:
Speak freely; and yet methinks I read
Something of better fortune in thy looks,
But dare not hope it,

Capt.

Capt. Sir, the Prince lives.
King. And hath not loſt his honour?
Capt. As ſafe in honour as in life.
King. Nor liberty?
Capt. Free as the air he breathes.
King. Return with ſpeed:
Tell him he ſhall have money, victuals, men,
With all the haſte they can be levied. Farewel.
Offers to go.
Capt. But Sir, I have one word more.
King. Then be brief.
Capt. So now you are prepar'd; and I may (venture.
King. What is't? (care.
Capt. Sir, a Fathers love mixt with a Fathers
This ſhewing dangers greater, and that nearer,
Have rais'd your fears too high; and thoſe re-
Too ſuddenly would let in ſuch a deluge (mov'd,
Of joy, as might oppreſs your aged ſpirits,
Which made me gently firſt remove your fears,
That ſo you might have room to entertain
Your fill of joy; Your Son's a Conquerour.
King. Delude me not with fained hopes, falſe
It cannot be. And if he can but make (joys,
A fair Retreat, I ſhall account it more (bers
Than all his former conqueſts, (thoſe huge num-
Arm'd with deſpair) the flow'r of all the Empire.
Capt. Sir, I have not us'd to tell you tales or fables,
And why ſhould you ſuſpect your happineſs,
Being ſo conſtant, On my life 'tis true Sir.

King.

King. Well, I'le no more ſuſpect
My fortune, nor thy faith:
Thou and thy news moſt welcom: *Solyman*
Go call the *Princeſs* and the *Lords*, they ſhall
Participate our joys, as well as cares.

Enter Princeſs and Lords.

King. Fair daughter, blow away thoſe miſts & clouds,
And let thy eyes ſhine forth in their full luſtre;
Inveſt them with thy lovelieſt ſmiles, put on
Thy choiceſt looks: his coming will deſerve them.

Princeſs. What, is the Prince returned with ſafety?
'Tis beyond belief or hope.

King. I, ſweet *Erythæa*;
Laden with ſpoils and honour: all thy fears,
Thy wakeful terrors, and affrighting dreams,
Thy morning ſighs, and evening tears have now
Their full rewards. And you my Lords,
Prepare for Maſques and Triumphs: Let no circumſtance
Be wanting, that becomes
The greatneſs of our State, or Joy.
Behold he comes.

Enter Prince with Captains, and two Captive Baſhawes.

King. Welcom brave Son, as welcom to thy father
As *Phœbus* was to *Jove*, when he had ſlain
Th'ambitious Giants that aſſail'd the ſky;
And as my power reſembles that of *Joves*,
So ſhall thy glory like high *Phœbus* ſhine
As bright and as immortal.

Prince.

Prince. Great Sir, all acquiſition
Of Glory as of Empire, here I lay before
Your Royal feet, happy to be the inſtrument
To advance either: Sir I challenge nothing,
But am an humble ſuitor for theſe priſoners,
The late Commanders of the Turkiſh powers,
Whoſe valours have deſerv'd a better fortune.

King. Then what hath thine deſerv'd? th'are thine brave *Mirza*,
Worthy of all thy Royal Anceſtors,
And all thoſe many Kingdoms, which their vertue,
Or got, or kept, though thou hadſt not been born to't.
But daughter ſtill your looks are ſad,
No longer I'le defer your joys, go take him
Into thy chaſt embrace, and whiſper to him
That welcom which thoſe bluſhes promiſe.

Exit King.

Prince. My *Erythæa*, why entertain'ſt thou with ſo ſad a brow
My long deſir'd return? thou waſt wont
With kiſſes and ſweet ſmiles, to welcom home
My victories, though bought with ſweat and blood;
And long expected.

Princeſs. Pardon Sir;
'Tis with our ſouls
As with our eyes, that after a long darkneſs
Are dazled at the approach of ſudden light:
When i'th' midſt of fears we are ſurpriz'd
With vnexpected happineſs: the firſt
Degrees of joy are meer aſtoniſhment. And

And 'twas so lately in a dreadful dream
I saw my Lord so near destruction,
Deprived of his eyes, a wretched Captive;
Then shriekt my self awake, then slept again
And dream't the same; my ill prefaging fancy
Suggesting still 'twas true.

Prince. Then I forgive thy sadness, since love caus'd it,
For love is full of fears; and fear the shadow
Of danger, like the shadow of our bodies,
Is greater then, when that which is the cause
Is fartheſt off.

Princeſs. But still there's something
That checks my joys,
Nor can I yet distinguish
Which is an apparition, this, or that.

Prince. An apparition?
At night I shall resolve that doubt, and make
Thy dreams more pleasing. *Exeunt.*

Enter Haly and Mirvan.

Mir. The time has been, my Lord,
When I was no such stranger to your thoughts,
You were not wont to wear upon your brow
A frown or smile, but still have thought me worthy,
At least to know the cause.

Ha. 'Tis true,
Thy breast hath ever been the Cabinet
Where I have lockt my secrets.

Mir. And did you ever find That

That any art could pick the lock, or power
Could force it open.
Ha. No, I have ever found thee
Truſty and ſecret. But is't obſerv'd i'th' Court
That I am ſad?
Mir. Obſerv'd? 'tis all mens wonder and diſ-courſe,
That in a Joy ſo great, ſo univerſal,
You ſhould not bear a part.
Ha. Diſcour'ſt of too?
Mir. Nothing but treaſon
More commonly, more boldly ſpoken.
So ſingular a ſadneſs
Muſt have a cauſe as ſtrange as the effect:
And grief conceal'd, like hidden fire conſumes;
Which flaming out, would call in help to quench it.
Ha. But ſince thou canſt not mend it,
To let thee know it, will but make thee worſe;
Silence and time ſhall cure it.
Mir. But in diſeaſes when the cauſe is known,
'Tis more than half the cure: you have my Lord
My heart to counſel, and my hands to act,
And my advice and actions both have met
Succeſs in things unlikely.
Ha. But this
Is ſuch a ſecret, I dare hardly truſt it
To my own Soul. And though it be a crime
In friendſhip to betray a truſted Counſel,
Yet to conceal this were a greater crime,
And of a higher nature. *Mir.* Now I know it,
And your endeavour to conceal it,

Speaks

Speaks it more plainly. 'Tis ſome plot upon the
Prince. (ſearcht it,
Ha. Oh thou haſt touch't my Sore, and having
Now heal it if thou canſt: The Prince hates me,
Or loves me not, or loves another better;
Which is all one. This being known in Court,
Has rendred me deſpis'd, and ſcorn'd of all:
For I that in his abſence
Blaz'd like a ſtar of the firſt magnitude,
Now in his brighter ſun-ſhine am not ſeen:
No applications now, no troops of ſuitors;
No power, no not ſo much as to do miſchief.
Mir. My Lord, I am aſham'd of you,
So ill a maſter in an art, ſo long
Profeſt, and practis'd by you, to be angry,
And angry with a Prince. And yet to ſhew it
In a ſad look, or womaniſh complaint:
How can you hope to compaſs your deſigns,
And not diſſemble 'em? Go flatter and adore him,
Stand firſt among the crowd of his admirers.
Ha. Oh I have often ſpread thoſe nets, but he
Hath ever been too wiſe to think them real.
Mir. However,
Diſſemble ſtill, thank him for all his injuries;
Take 'em for favours; if at laſt (ſon
You cannot gain him, ſome pretty nimble poy-
May do the feat. Or if he will abroad,
Find him ſome brave and honourable danger.
Ha. Have I not found him out as many dangers
As *Juno* did for *Hercules*? yet he returns
Like

Like *Hercules*, doubled in ſtrength and honour.

Mir. If danger cannot do it, then try pleaſure,
Which when no other enemy ſurvives,
Still conquers all the Conquerers. Endeavour
To ſoften his ambition into luſt,
Contrive fit opportunities, and lay
Baits for temptation.

Ha. I'le leave nothing unattempted:
But ſure this will not take; for all his Paſſions,
Affections, and Faculties are ſlaves
Only to his ambition.

Mir. Then let him fall by his own greatneſs,
And puffe him up with glory, till it ſwell
And break him. Firſt, betray him to himſelf,
Then to his ruine: From his virtues ſuck a poyſon,
As Spiders do from flowers; praiſe him to his Father,
You know his nature: Let the Princes glory
Seem to eclipſe, and caſt a cloud on his;
And let fall ſomething that may raiſe his jealouſie:
But leſt he ſhould ſuſpect it, draw it from him
As Fiſhers do the bait, to make him follow it.

Ha. But the old King is ſo ſuſpicious.

Mir. But withal
Moſt fearful: He that views a Fort to take it,
Plants his Artillery 'gainſt the weakeſt part:
Work on his fears, till fear hath made him cruel;
And cruelty ſhall make him fear again.
Methinks (my Lord) you that ſo oft have ſounded
And fathom'd all his thoughts, that know the deeps

And ſhallows of his heart, ſhould need no inſtruments
To advance your ends; his paſſions, and his fears
Lie Liegers for you in his breaſt, and there
Negotiate your affairs.

Enter King, Solyman, and Lords to them.

King. Solyman, Be it your care to entertain the Captains,
And the Priſoners, and uſe them kindly.

Sol. Sir, I am not for entertainments now I am melancholy.

King. What, griev'd for your good fortune?

Sol. No Sir, but now the wars are done, we have no pretences
To put off Creditors: I am haunted Sir.

King. Not with Ghoſts?

Sol. No Sir,
Material and Subſtantial Devils. (them?

King. I know the cauſe, what is't thou ow'ſt

Sol. Not much Sir, but ſo much as ſpoils me for a good fellow;
'Tis but 2000 Dollars. A ſmall ſum--- to you Sir.

King. Well, it ſhall be paid.

Sol. Then if the Devil come, for drinking let me alone with him.
Well, Drink, I love thee but too well already,
But I ſhall love thee better hereafter: I have often
Drunk my ſelf into debt, but never out of debt till now. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus primi.

Actus

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Enter *Prince*, *Haly*, *Captains* and *Priſoners*, *Baſhaws*.

Prince. Pray let theſe ſtrangers find ſuch enter-
As you would have deſir'd, (tainment
Had but the chance of war determin'd it
For them, as now for us. And you brave enemies
Forget your Nation, and ungrateful Maſter;
And know that I can ſet ſo high a price
On valour, though in foes, as to reward it
With truſt and honour.

1 *Baſhaw*. Sir, your twice conquered Vaſſals,
Firſt by your courage, then your clemency,
Here humbly vow to ſacrifice their lives,
(The gift of this your unexampled mercy)
To your commands and ſervice.

Prince to Haly. I pray (my Lord) ſecond my ſuit,
I have already mov'd the King in private,
That in our next years expedition they may have
Some command.

Ha. I ſhall, my Lord,
And glad of the occaſion. *Aſide*.

I wonder Sir, you'l leave the Court, the ſphere
Where all your graces in full luſtre ſhine.
Prince. I *Haly*, but the reputation
Of virtuous actions paſt, if not kept up
With an acceſs, and freſh ſupply of new ones,
Is loſt and ſoon forgotten: and like Palaces,
For want of habitation and repair,
Diſſolve to heaps of ruine.
Ha. But can you leave, Sir,
Your old indulgent Father, and forſake
The embraces of ſo fair, ſo chaſte a Wife?
And all the beauties of the Court beſides,
Are mad in love, and dote upon your perſon:
And is't not better ſleeping in their arms,
Than in a cold Pavilion in the Camp?
Where your ſhort ſleeps are broke and interrupted
With noiſes and alarms.
Prince. *Haly*, Thou know'ſt not me, how I deſpiſe
Theſe ſhort and empty pleaſures; and how low
They ſtand in my eſteem, which every Peaſant,
The meaneſt Subject in my Fathers Empire
Enjoys as fully, in as high perfection
As he or I; and which are had in common
By beaſts as well as men: wherein they equal,
If not exceed us; pleaſures to which we're led
Only by ſenſe, thoſe creatures which have leaſt
Of reaſon, moſt enjoy.
Ha. Is not (nough
The Empire you are born to, a Scene large e-

To

To exerciſe your virtues? There are virtues
Civil as well as military; for the one (ready:
You have given the world an ample proof al-
Now exerciſe the other, 'tis no leſs
To govern juſtly, make your Empire flouriſh
With wholſom laws, in riches, peace and plenty,
Than by the expence of wealth and blood to
New acquiſitions. (make

Prince. That I was born ſo great, I owe to Fortune,
And cannot pay that debt, till vertue ſet me
High in example, as I ſtand in title; (ons
Till what the world calls fortune's gifts, my acti-
May ſtile their own rewards, and thoſe too little.
Princes are then themſelves, when they ariſe
More glorious in mens thoughts than in their
Ha. Sir, your fame (eyes.
Already fills the world, and what is infinite
Cannot receive degrees, but will ſwallow
All that is added; as our Caſpian Sea
Receives our Rivers, and yet ſeems not fuller:
And if you tempt her more, the wind of fortune
May come about, and take another point
And blaſt your glories.

Prince. No,
My glories are paſt danger, they'r full blown:
Things that are blaſted, are but in their bud;
And as for fortune, I nor love, nor fear her:
I am reſolv'd, go *Haly*, flatter ſtill your aged Maſter,

Still ſooth him in his pleaſures, and ſtill grow
Great by thoſe arts.
Well, farewel Court,
Where vice not only hath uſurp't the place,
But the reward, and even the name of vertue.
Ha. Still, ſtill,
Slighted and ſcorn'd; yet this affront
Hath ſtampt a noble title on my malice,
And married it to Juſtice. The King is old,
And when the Prince ſucceeds,
I'm loſt paſt all recovery: then I
Muſt meet my danger, and deſtroy him firſt;
But cunningly, or cloſely, or his ſon
And wife, like a fierce Tygreſs will devour me.
There's danger every way; and ſince 'tis ſo,
'Tis brave, and noble, when the falling weight
Of my own ruine cruſhes thoſe I hate:
But how to do it, that's the work, he ſtands
So high in reputation with the people,
There's but one way, and that's to make his Father
The inſtrument, to give the name, and envy
To him; but to my ſelf the prize and glory.
He's old and jealous, apt for ſuſpicions, 'gainſt which Tyrants ears
Are never clos'd. The Prince is young,
Fierce, and ambitious, I muſt bring together
All theſe extreams; and then remove all mediums,
That each may be the others object.

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. My Lord,
Now if your plots be ripe, you are befriended
With opportunity; the King is melancholy,
Apted for any ill impreſſions.
Make an advantage of the Princes abſence,
Urge ſome ſuſpected cauſe of his departure,
Uſe all your art: he's coming. *Exit Mir.*

Enter King.

Ha. Sir, have you known an action of ſuch glory
Leſs ſwell'd with oſtentation, or a mind
Leſs tainted with felicity? 'tis a rare temper in the Prince.

King. Is it ſo rare to ſee a Son ſo like
His Father? Have not I performed actions
As great, and with as great a moderation?

Ha. I Sir, but that's forgotten.
Actions o'th' laſt Age are like Almanacks o'th' laſt year.

King. 'Tis well; but with all his conqueſts, what I get in Empire
I loſe in fame: I think my ſelf no gainer.
But am I quite forgotten?

Ha. Sir, you know
Age breeds neglect in all, and actions
Remote in time, like objects
Remote in place, are not beheld at half their greatneſs;
And what is new finds better acceptation,

Than what is good or great: yet ſome old men
Tell Stories of you in their chimney corners.
King. No otherwiſe.
Ha. They're all ſo full of him: ſome magnifie
His courage, ſome his wit, but all admire
A greatneſs ſo familiar.
King. Sure *Haly*
Thou haſt forgot thy ſelf: art thou a Courtier,
Or I a King? my ears are unacquainted
With ſuch bold truths; eſpecially from thee.
Ha. Sir, when I am call'd to't, I muſt ſpeak
Boldly and plainly.
King. But with what eagerneſs, what circumſtance,
Unaskt, thou tak'ſt ſuch pains to tell me only
My Son's the better man.
Ha. Sir, where Subjects want the priviledge
To ſpeak; there Kings may have the priviledge
To live in ignorance.
King. If 'twere a ſecret that concern'd my life
Or Empire, then this boldneſs might become thee;
But ſuch unneceſſary rudeneſs ſavours
Of ſome deſign.
And this is ſuch a falſe and ſquint-eyed praiſe,
Which ſeeming to look upwards on his glories,
Looks down upon my fears; I know thou hat'ſt him;
And like infected perſons fain wouldſt rub
The ulcer of thy malice upon me.

Ha. Sir, I almoſt believe you ſpeak your
thoughts,
But that I want the guilt to make me fear it.
King. What mean theſe guilty bluſhes then?
Ha. Sir, if I bluſh, it is becauſe you do not,
To upbraid ſo try'd a ſervant, that ſo often
Have wak'd that you might ſleep; and been
expos'd
To dangers for your ſafety.
King. And therefore think'ſt
Thou art ſo wrapt, ſo woven into all
My truſts and counſels, that I now muſt ſuffer
All thy Ambition aims at.
Ha. Sir, if your love grows weary,
And thinks you have worn me long enough,
I'm willing
To be left off; but he's a fooliſh Sea-man,
That when his Ship is ſinking, will not
Unlade his hopes into another bottom.
King. I underſtand no Allegories.
Ha. And he's as ill a Courtier, that when
His Maſter's old, deſires not to comply
With him that muſt ſucceed. *King.* But if
He will not be comply'd with? *Ha.* Oh Sir,
There's one ſure way, and I have known it
practis'd
In other States. *King.* What's that?
Ha. To make
The Fathers life the price of the ſons favour,
To walk upon the graves of our dead Maſters

To

To our own ſecurity. *King ſtarts and ſcratches his head.*

Ha. aſide. 'Tis this muſt take: Does this plainneſs pleaſe you Sir?

King. Haly, thou know'ſt my nature, too too apt
To theſe ſuſpicions; but I hope the queſtion
Was never mov'd to thee?

Ha. In other Kingdoms, Sir.

King. But has my Son no ſuch deſign?

Ha. Alas,
You know I hate him; and ſhould I tell you
He had, you'd ſay it was but malice.

King. No more of that good *Haly*, I know thou lov'ſt me:
But leſt the care of future ſafety tempt thee
To forfeit preſent loyalty; or preſent loyalty
Forfeit thy future ſafety,
I'le be your reconciler: call him hither.

Ha. Oh Sir, I wiſh he were within my call, or yours.

King. Why, where is he?

Ha. He has left the Court, Sir.

King. I like not theſe Excurſions, why ſo ſuddenly?

Ha. 'Tis but a ſally of youth, yet ſome ſay he's diſcontented.

King. That grates my heart-ſtrings. What ſhould diſcontent him?
Except he think I live too long.

Ha. Heaven forbid:
And yet I know no cauſe of his departure;
I'm ſure he's honoured, and lov'd by all;
The Souldiers god, the Peoples Idol. *King.* I, *Haly,*
The Perſians ſtill worſhip the riſing ſun.
But who went with him? *Ha.* None but the Captains.
King. The Captains? I like not that.
Ha. Never fear it, Sir:
'Tis true, they love him but as their General, not their Prince.
And though he be moſt forward and ambitious,
'Tis temper'd with ſo much humility.
King. And ſo much the more dangerous;
There are ſome that uſe
Humility to ſerve their pride, and ſeem
Humble upon their way, to be the prouder
At their wiſht journies end.
Ha. Sir, I know not
What ways or ends you mean; 'tis true
In popular States, or where the Princes Title
Is weak, and muſt be propt by the peoples power;
There by familiar ways 'tis neceſſary
To win on mens affections. But none of theſe
Can be his end.
King. But there's another end.
For if his glories riſe upon the ruines
Of mine, why not his greatneſs too?
Ha. True Sir,
Ambition is like love, impatient

Both

Both of delays and rivals. But Nature.----

King. But Empire.——

Ha. I had almoſt forgot Sir, he has
A ſuit to your Majeſty. *King.* What is't?

Ha. To give the Turkiſh priſoners ſome com-
In the next action. (mand

King. Nay, then 'tis too apparent,
He fears my Subjects loyalty, (plainly,
And now muſt call in ſtrangers; come deal
I know thou canſt diſcover more.

Ha. I can diſcover (Sir) (gers.
The depth of your great judgment in ſuch dan-

King. What ſhall I do *Haly*?

Ha. Your wiſdom is ſo great, it were preſumption for me to adviſe.

King. Well, we'll conſider more of that, but for the preſent (thank thee
Let him with ſpeed be ſent for. *Mahomet*, I
I have one faithful ſervant, honeſt *Haly*.

Exit King.

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. How did he take it?

Ha. Swallow'd it as greedily
As parched earth drinks rain.
Now the firſt part of our deſign is over,
His ruine; but the ſecond, our ſecurity,
Muſt now be thought on. (his fury

Mir. My Lord, you are too ſudden; though
Determine raſhly, yet his colder fear
Before it executes, conſults with reaſon,

And

And that not ſatisfied with ſhews, or ſhadows,
Will ask to be convinc'd by ſomething real;
Now muſt we frame ſome plot, and then diſcover it.

Ha. Or intercept ſome Letter, which our ſelves
Had forg'd before.

Mir. And ſtill admire the miracle,
And thank the providence.

Ha. Then we muſt draw in ſomebody
To be the publick Agent, that may ſtand
'Twixt us and danger, and the peoples envy.

Mir. Who fitter than the grand *Caliph*?
And he will ſet a grave religious face
Upon the buſineſs.

Ha. But if we cannot work him,
For he's ſo full of fooliſh ſcruples;
Or if he ſhould prove falſe, and then betray us.

Mir. Betray us? ſure (my Lord) your fear has blinded
Your underſtanding; for what ſerves the King?
Will not his threats work more than our perſwaſions,
While we look on, and laugh, and ſeem as ignorant
As unconcern'd; and thus appearing friends
To either ſide, on both may work our ends.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, the Turkiſh *Baſhaws*
Deſire acceſs.

Ha. Admit 'em, I know their buſineſs.

Mir.

Mir. They long to hear with what ſucceſs
The King in their behalf. (you mov'd
Ha. But now they'r come, I'le make 'em do my
Better than I did theirs. (buſineſs
Mir. Leave us a while. *Ex. Mir.*

Enter two Baſhaws.

Ha. My Lords, my duty and affection to the Prince,
And the reſpects I owe to men of honour,
Extort a ſecret from me, which yet I grieve to utter:
The Prince departing, left to me the care
Of your affairs, which I, as he commanded,
Have recommended to the King, but with ſo
A ſucceſs—— (unlookt for
1 *Baſ.* My Lord, fear not to ſpeak our doom, while we
Fear not to hear it: we were loſt before,
And can be ready now to meet that fate
We then expected.
Ha. Though he that brings unwelcom news
Has but a loſing office, yet he that ſhews
Your danger firſt, and then your way to ſafety,
May heal that wound he made. You know the King
With jealous eyes hath ever lookt awry
On his Sons actions, but the fame and glory
Of the laſt war hath rais'd another ſpirit;
Envy and Jealouſie are twin'd together,
Yet both lay hid in his diſſembled ſmiles,

Like

Like two concealed ſerpents, till I, unhappy I,
Moving this queſtion, trod upon them both,
And rouz'd their ſleeping angers; then caſting from him
His doubts, and ſtraight confirm'd in all his fears,
Decrees to you a ſpeedy death, to his own ſon
A cloſe reſtraint: but what will follow
I dare not think; you by a ſudden flight may find your ſafety.
2 *Baſ.* Sir, Death and we are not ſuch ſtrangers,
That we ſhould make diſhonour, or ingratitude
The price of life; it was the Princes gift,
And we but wear it for his ſake and ſervice.
Ha. Then for his ſake and ſervice
Pray follow my advice: though you have loſt the favour
Of your unworthy Maſter; yet in the Provinces
You lately governed, you have thoſe dependences
And intereſts, that you may raiſe a power
To ſerve the Prince: I'le give him timely notice
To ſtand upon his guard.
1 *Baſ.* My Lord, we thank you,
But we muſt give the Prince intelligence,
Both when, and how to imploy us.
Ha. If you will write,
Commit it to my care and ſecrecy,
To ſee it ſafe convey'd.
2 *Baſ.* We ſhall my Lord. *Ex.*
Ha. Theſe men were once the Princes foes, and then Un-

Unwillingly they made him great: but now
Being his friends, ſhall willingly undo him;
And which is more, be ſtill his friends.
What little Arts govern the world! we need not
An armed enemy, or corrupted friend;
When ſervice but miſplac'd, or love miſtaken
Performs the work: nor is this all the uſe
I'le make of them; when once they are in Arms,
Their Maſter ſhall be wrought to think theſe forces
Rais'd againſt him; and this ſhall ſo endear me
To him, that though dull vertue and the gods
O'recome my ſubtle miſchief, I may find
A ſafe retreat, and may at leaſt be ſure,
If not more mighty, to be more ſecure. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter King *and* Haly.

King. But *Haly*, what confederates ha's the Prince
In his conſpiracy?
Ha. Sir, I can yet ſuſpect
None but the Turkiſh priſoners, and that only
From their late ſudden flight.
King. Are they fled? For what?
Ha. That, their own fears beſt know; their entertainment
I'm ſure was ſuch as could not miniſter
Suſpicion or diſlike: but ſure they're conſcious
Of ſome intended miſchief, and are fled
To put it into act.
King. This ſtill confirms me more;
But let 'em be purſu'd: let all the paſſages
Be well ſecur'd, that no intelligence
May paſs between the Prince and them.
Ha. It ſhall be done, Sir.
King. Is the *Caliph* prepar'd?

Ha. He's without, Sir,
And waits your pleasure.

King. Call him.

Enter Haly *and* Caliph.

King. I have a great design to act, in which
The greatest part is thine. In brief 'tis this,
I fear my Sons high spirit; and suspect
Designs upon my Life and Crown.

Ca. Sure, Sir, your fears are causeless;
Such thoughts are strangers to his noble soul.

King. No, 'tis too true; I must prevent my danger,
And make the first attempt: there's no such way
To avoid a blow, as to strike first, and sure.

Ca. But, Sir, I hope my function shall exempt me
From bearing any part in such designs.

King. Your function! [*Laughs*] Do you think that Princes
Will raise such men so near themselves for nothing?
We but advance you to advance our purposes:
Nay, even in all Religions,
Their Learned'st, and their seeming holiest men, but serve
To work their Masters ends; and varnish o're
Their actions, with some specious pious colour:
No scruples; do't, or by our holy Prophet,
The death my rage intends to him, is thine.

Ca. Sir, 'tis your part to will, mine to obey.

King. Then be wise and sudden.

Enter

Enter Lords as to Council. Ab. Mor.

Ca. My Lords, it grieves me to relate the cauſe
Of this Aſſembly; and 'twill grieve you all;
The Prince you know ſtands high in all thoſe graces
Which Nature, ſeconded by fortune, gives:
Wiſdom he ha's, and to his Wiſdom Courage;
Temper to that, and unto all Succeſs. But
Ambition, the diſeaſe of Virtue, bred
Like ſurfeits from an undigeſted fulneſs,
Meets death in that which is the means of life.
Great *Mahomet*, to whom our Soveraigns life,
And Empire is moſt dear, appearing, thus
Advis'd me in a Viſion; Tell the King,
The Prince his Son attempts his Life & Crown;
And though no creature lives that more admires
His virtues, nor affects his perſon more
Than I; yet zeal and duty to my Soveraign
Have cancell'd all reſpects; nor muſt we ſlight
The Prophets Revelations.

Abd. Remember, Sir, he is your Son,
Indeared to you by a double bond,
As to his King, and Father.

King. And the remembrance of that double bond
Doubles my ſorrows. 'Tis true,
Nature and duty bind him to obedience;
But thoſe being placed in a lower ſphere,
His fierce ambition, like the higheſt mover,
Has hurried with a ſtrong impulſive motion
Againſt their proper courſe. But ſince he has for-

The duty of a ſon, I can forget
The affections of a Father.
Abd. But, Sir, in the beginning of diſeaſes
None try the extreameſt remedies.
King. But when they're ſudden,
The cure muſt be as quick; when I'm dead, you'l ſay,
My fears have been too ſlow: Treaſons are acted,
Aſſoon as thought, though they are ne're believed
Until they come to act.
Mor. But conſider, Sir,
The greatneſs of the attempt, the people love him;
The lookers on, and the enquiring vulgar
Will talk themſelves to action: thus by avoiding
A danger but ſuppos'd, you tempt a real one.
King. Thoſe Kings whom envy, or the peoples murmur
Deters from their own purpoſes, deſerve not
Nor know not their own greatneſs;
The peoples murmur, 'tis a ſulphurous vapour
Breath'd from the bowels of the baſeſt earth;
And it may ſoil, and blaſt things near it ſelf:
But e're it reach the region we are plac'd in,
It vaniſhes to air; we are above
The ſenſe or danger of ſuch ſtorms.
Cap. True Sir, they are but ſtorms while Royalty Stands

Stands like a Rock, and the tumultuous vulgar,
Like billows rais'd with wind, (that's with opinion)
May roar and make a noiſe, and threaten;
But if they rowl too near, they're daſh't in pieces
While they ſtand firm.

Abd. Yet Sir, Crowns are not plac'd ſo high,
But vulgar hands may reach 'em.

King. Then 'tis when they are plac'd on vulgar heads.

Abd. But Sir,
Look back upon your ſelf; why ſhould your ſon
Anticipate a hope ſo near, ſo certain? we may wiſh and pray
For your long life: but neither prayers nor power
Can alter Fates Decree, or Natures Law.
Why ſhould he raviſh then that Diadem
From your gray temples, which the hand of time
Muſt ſhortly plant on his?

King. My Lords,
I ſee you look upon me as a Sun
Now in his Weſt, half buried in a cloud,
Whoſe rays the vapours of approaching night
Have rendred weak and faint: But you ſhall find
That I can yet ſhoot beams, whoſe heat can melt
The waxen wings of this ambitious Boy.

Nor runs my blood ſo cold, nor is my arm
So feeble yet, but he that dares defend him,
Shall feel my vengeance, and ſhall uſher me
Into my grave.

Ab. Sir, we defend him not,
Only deſire to know his crime: 'Tis poſſible
It may be ſome miſtake, or miſ-report,
Some falſe ſuggeſtion, or malicious ſcandal:
Or if ambition be his fault, 'twas yours;
He had it from you when he had his being:
Nor was't his fault, nor yours, for 'tis in Princes
A crime to want it; from a noble ſpirit
Ambition can no more be ſeparated,
Than heat from fire: Or if you fear the Viſion,
Will you ſuſpect the noble Prince, becauſe
This holy man is troubled in his ſleep?
Becauſe his crazy ſtomach wants concoction,
And breeds ill fumes; or his melancholy ſpleen
Sends up phantaſtick vapours to his brain:
Dreams are but dreams, theſe cauſleſs fears become not
Your noble ſoul.

King. Who ſpeaks another word
Hath ſpoke his laſt: Great *Mahomet* we thank thee,
Protector of this Empire, and this life,
Thy cares have met my fears; this on preſumptions
Stro-g and apparent, I have long preſag'd:
And though a Prince may puniſh what he fears,
Without

Without account to any but the Gods;
Wiſe States as often cut off ills that may be,
As thoſe that are; and prevent purpoſes
Before they come to practcie; and foul practices
Before they grow to act. You cannot but obſerve
How he diſlikes the Court, his rude departure,
His honour from the people and the ſouldiers,
His ſeeking to oblige the Turks, his Priſoners,
Their ſudden and ſuſpected flight:
And above all, his reſtleſs towring thoughts.

King. If the buſineſs be important,
Admit him.

Enter Meſſenger with a Letter.

Meſſ. Sir, upon your late command
To guard the paſſages, and ſearch all packets,
This to the Prince was intercepted.

King opens it, and reads it to himſelf.

King. Here *Abdal*, read it. *Abdal reads.*

The Letter.

Abd. reads. Sir, we are aſſured how unnatural your fathers intentions
Are towards you, and how cruel towards us; we have
Made an eſcape, not ſo much to ſeek our own,
As to be inſtruments of your ſafety: We will be
In arms upon the borders, upon your command,
Either to ſeek danger with you, or to receive you
If you pleaſe, to ſeek ſafety with us.

King. Now my Lords,
Alas my fears are cauſleſs, and ungrounded,
Fantaſtick dreams, and melancholick fumes
Of crazy ſtomachs, and diſtempered brains:
Has this convinc'd you?
Mor. Sir, we ſee
Some reaſon you ſhould fear, but whom, we know not;
'Tis poſſible theſe Turks may play the Villains,
Knowing the Prince, the life of all our hopes,
Staff of our Age, and pillar of our Empire;
And having fail'd by force, may uſe this Art
To ruine him, and by their treaſon here
To make their peace at home.
Now ſhould this prove a truth, when he ha's ſuffered
Death, or diſgrace, which are to him the ſame;
'Twill be too late to ſay you were miſtaken;
And then to cry him mercy: Sir, we beſeech you
A while ſuſpend your doom, till time produce
Her wonted off-ſpring, Truth.
King. And ſo expecting
The event of what you think, ſhall prove the experiment
Of what I fear; but ſince he is my ſon,
I cannot have ſuch violent thoughts toward him,
As his towards me: he only ſhall remain
A priſoner till his death or mine enlarge him.

Ex. Lords. *Mor. Haly.*

Solyman

Solyman peeps in.

King. Away, away, we're ſerious.

Sol. But not ſo ſerious to neglect your ſafety.

King. Art thou in earneſt?

Sol. Nay Sir, I can be ſerious as well as my betters.

King. What's the matter?

Sol. No, I am an inconſiderable fellow, and know nothing.

King. Let's hear that nothing then.

Sol. The Turks, Sir.

King. What of them?

Sol. When they could not overcome you by force, they'll
Do it by treachery.

King. As how?

Sol. Nay I can ſee as far into a milſtone, as another man.
They have corrupted ſome ill-affected perſons.

King. What to do?

Sol. To nouriſh Jealouſies 'twixt you and your Son.

King. My Son! Where is he?

Sol. They ſay he's poſting hither.

King. *Haly*, we are betrayed, prevented, look to the Ports, and let
The Guards be doubled: how far's his Army hence?
Is the City in arms to join with him?

Sol. Arms? and join with him? I underſtand you not.

King.

King. Didst thou not say the Prince was coming?

Sol. I heard some foolish people say you had sent for
Him, as a Traytor, which to my apprehension was on
Purpose spoken to make you odious, and him desperate;
And so divide the people into faction. A Plot of
Dangerous consequence, as I take it, Sir.

King. And is this all, thou sawcy trifling fool?

Haly. Sir, this seeming fool is a concealed dangerous knave;
Under their safe disguise he thinks he may say or do
Any thing: you'l little think him the chief conspirator,
The only spy t'inform the Prince of all is done in Court.

King. Let him be rack't, till he confess
The whole conspiracy.

Sol. Rack't! I have told you all I know, and more;
There's nothing more in me, Sir, but may be squeezed
Out without racking, only a stoop or two of Wine;
And if there had not been too much of that, you had
Not had so much of the other.

King. That's your cunning, sirrah.

Sol.

Sol. Cunning, Sir! I am no Politician; and was ever thought to have
Too little wit, and too much plain dealing for a States-man. *Exit.*

King. Away with him.

Ha. But ſomething muſt be done, Sir, to ſatisfie the people:
'Tis not enough to ſay he did deſign,
Or plot, or think, but did attempt ſome violence;
And then ſome ſtrange miraculous eſcape:
For which our Prophet muſt have publick thanks:
And this falſe colour ſhall delude the eyes
Of the amuſed vulgar.

King. 'Tis well adviſ'd.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir, His Highneſs is return'd.

King. And unconſtrain'd? But with what change of countenance
Did he receive the meſſage?

Meſſ. With ſome amazement;
But ſuch as ſprung from wonder, not from fear:
It was ſo unexpected.

King. Leave us.
Haly, I ever found thee honeſt; truer to me
Than mine own blood, and now's the time to ſhew it:
For thou art he my love and truſt hath choſen
To put in action my deſign: ſurprize him

As

As he ſhall paſs the Galleries. I'le place
A guard behind the Arras; when thou haſt him,
Since blinded with ambition, he did ſoar
Like a ſeel'd Dove; his crime ſhall be his puniſhment
To be depriv'd of ſight, which ſee perform'd
With a hot ſteel: Now as thou lov'ſt my ſafety
Be reſolute, and ſudden.

Ha. 'Tis ſevere;
But yet I dare not intercede, it ſhall be done:
But is that word irrevocable?

King. I, as years, or ages paſt; relent not, if thou do'ſt—— *Exit King.*

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. Why ſo melancholy? is the deſign diſcovered?

Ha. No, but I am made the inſtrument,
That ſtill endeavoured to diſguiſe my plots
With borrowed looks, and make 'em walk in darkneſs,
To act 'em now my ſelf; be made the mark
For all the peoples hate, the Princeſs curſes,
And his ſons rage, or the old Kings inconſtancy.
For this to Tyranny belongs,
To forget ſervice, but remember wrongs.

Mir. But could not you contrive
Some fine pretence to caſt it on ſome other?

Ha. No, he dare truſt no other: had I given
But the leaſt touch of any private quarrel,
My malice to his ſon, not care of him,

Had

Had then begot this ſervice.

Mir. 'Tis but t'other plot, my Lord; you know
The King by other wives had many ſons:
Soffy is but a Child, and you already (me
Command the Emperours Guard; procure for
The Government o'th' City; when he dies,
Urge how unfortunate thoſe States have been
Whoſe Princes are but Children: then ſet the Crown
Upon ſome others head, that may acknowledge
And owe the Empire to your gift.

Ha. It ſhall be done; *Abdal*, who commands
The City, is the Princes friend, and therefore
Muſt be diſplae'd, and thou ſhalt ſtraight ſucceed him.
Thou art my better Genius, honeſt *Mirvan*;
Greatneſs we owe to Fortune, or to Fate;
But wiſdom only can ſecure that ſtate. *Ex.*

Enter Prince at one door, and Princeſs at another.

Princeſs. You're double welcom now (my Lord) your coming
Was ſo unlookt for.

Prince. To me I'm ſure it was;
Know'ſt thou the cauſe? for ſure it was important,
That calls me back ſo ſuddenly.

Princeſs. I am ſo ignorant,
I knew not you were ſent for.
Waking I know no cauſe, but in my ſleep
My fancy ſtill preſents ſuch dreams and terrors,

As

As did *Andromache's* the night before
Her *Hector* fell; but ſure 'tis more than fancy.
Either our Guardian Angels, or the Gods
Inſpire us, or ſome natural inſtinct
Fore-tells approaching dangers.

Prince. How does my Father?

Princeſs. Still talks and plays with *Fatyma*, but his mirth
Is forc'd and ſtrain'd: In his look appears
A wild diſtracted fierceneſs; I can read
Some dreadful purpoſe in his face; but where
This diſmal cloud will break, and ſpend his fury,
I dare not think: pray Heaven make falſe his fears.
Sometimes his anger breaks through all diſguiſes,
And ſpares not gods, nor men; and then he ſeems
Jealous of all the world: ſuſpects, and ſtarts,
And looks behind him.

Enter Morat, as in haſte.

Mor. Sir, with hazard of my life I've ventur'd
To tell you, you are loſt, betray'd undone;
Rouze up your courage, call up all your counſels,
And think on all thoſe ſtratagems which nature
Keeps ready to encounter ſudden dangers.

Prince. But pray (my Lord) by whom? for what offence?

Mor. Is it a time for ſtory, when each minute
Begets a thouſand dangers? the gods protect you.

Exit. *Prince.*

Prince. This man was ever honeſt, and my friend,
And I can ſee in his amazed look,
Something of danger; but in act or thought,
I never did that thing ſhould make me fear it.
Princeſs. Nay, good Sir, let not ſo ſecure a confidence
Betray you to your ruine.
Prince. Prethee woman
Keep to thy ſelf thy fears, I cannot know
There is ſuch a thing in Nature; I ſtand ſo ſtrong,
Incloſed with a double guard of Vertue,
And Innocence, that I can look on dangers,
As he that ſtands upon a Rock
Can looks on ſtorms and tempeſts. Fear and guilt
Are the ſame thing; and when our actions are not,
Our fears are crimes.
And he deſerves it leſs that guilty bears
A puniſhment, than he that guiltleſs fears. *Ex.*

Enter Haly and Torturers.

Ha. This is the place appointed, aſſiſt me courage!
This hour ends all my fears; but pauſe a while:
Suppoſe I ſhould diſcover to the Prince
The whole conſpiracy, and ſo retort it
Upon the King; it were an handſom plot,
But full of difficulties, and uncertain;
And he's ſo fool'd with down-right honeſty,
He'll ne're believe it; and now 'tis too late;
The guards are ſet, and now I hear him coming.

Enter

Enter Prince, ſtumbles at the entrance.

Prince. 'Tis ominous, but I will on; deſtruction
O'retakes as often thoſe that flye, as thoſe that boldly meet it.

Ha. By your leave Prince, your Father greets you.

Prince. Unhand me traytors. [*Haly caſts a ſcarf over his face.*]

Ha. That title is your own, and we are ſent to let you know it.

Prince. Is not that the voice of *Haly*?

Ha. I, vertuous Prince, I come to make you exerciſe
One vertue more, your patience. [Heat the Irons quickly.]

Prince. Inſolent villain, for what cauſe?

Ha. Only to gaze upon a while, until your eyes are out.

Prince. O villain, ſhall I not ſee my Father,
To ask him what's my crime? who my accuſers?
Let me but try if I can wake his pity
From his Lethargick ſleep.

Ha. It muſt not be, Sir.

Prince. Shall I not ſee my wife, nor bid farewell
To my dear Children?

Ha. Your pray'rs are all in vain.

Prince. Thou ſhalt have half my Empire *Haly*, let me but

See

See the Tyrant, that before my eyes are loſt,
They may dart poys'nous flaſhes like the Baſi-
lisk,
And look him dead; Theſe eyes that ſtill were
open,
Or to fore-ſee, or to prevent his dangers,
Muſt they be cloſed in eternal night?
Cannot his thirſt of blood be ſatisfied
With any but his own? And can his tyranny
Find out no other object but his Son?
I ſeek not mercy; tell him, I deſire
To die at once, not to conſume an age
In lingring deaths.

Ha. Our ears are charm'd: Away with him.

Prince. Can ye behold (ye Gods) a wronged
Innocent?
Or ſleeps your Juſtice, like my Fathers Mercy?
Or are you blind? as I muſt be.

Finis Actus Tertii.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Abdall and Morat.

Ab. I ever fear'd the Princes too much greatneſs (near
Would make him leſs: the greateſt heights are
The greateſt precipice.
Mor. 'Tis in worldly accidents
As in the world it ſelf, where things moſt diſtant
Meet one another: Thus the Eaſt and Weſt,
Upon the Globe, a Mathematick point
Only divides: Thus happineſs and miſery,
And all extreams are ſtill contiguous. (be
Ab. Or, if 'twixt happineſs and miſery there
A diſtance, 'tis an Aery *Vacuum*;
Nothing to moderate, or break the fall.
Mor. But oh this Saint-like Devil!
This damned *Caliph*, to make the King believe
To kill his ſon, 's religion.
Ab. Poor Princes, how are they miſ-led!
While they, whoſe ſacred Office 'tis to bring
Kings to obey their God, and men their King;
By theſe myſterious links to fix and tye
Them to the foot-ſtool of the Deity;
Even by theſe men, Religion, that ſhould be
The

The curb, is made the ſpur to tyranny:
They with their double key of conſcience bind
The Subjects ſouls, and leave Kings unconfin'd;
While their poor Vaſſals ſacrifice their blouds
T' Ambition; and to Avarice, their goods:
Blind with Devotion. They themſelves eſteem
Made for themſelves, and all the world for them;
While heavens great Law, given for their guide, appears
Juſt, or unjuſt, but as it waits on theirs:
Us'd, but to give the eccho to their words,
Power to their wills, and edges to their ſwords.
To varniſh all their errors, and ſecure
The ills they act, and all the world endure.
Thus by their arts Kings aw the world, while they,
Religion, as their Miſtreſs, ſeem t' obey;
Yet as their ſlave command her: while they ſeem
To riſe to Heaven, they make Heaven ſtoop to them.

Mor. Not is this all, where feign'd devotion bends
The higheſt things, to ſerve the loweſt ends:
For if the many-headed beaſt hath broke,
Or ſhaken from his neck the royal yoke,
With popular rage, Religion doth conſpire,
Flows into that, and ſwells the torrent higher;

Then powers firſt pedigree from force derives,
And calls to mind the old prerogatives
Of free-born man; and with a ſaucy eye
Searches the heart and ſoul of Majeſty:
Then to a ſtrict account, and cenſure brings
The actions, errors, and the end of Kings;
Treads on authority, and ſacred Laws;
Yet all for God, and his pretended cauſe,
Acting ſuch things for him, which he in them,
And which themſelves in others will condemn;
And thus engag'd, nor ſafely can retire,
Nor ſafely ſtand, but blindly bold aſpire,
Forcing their hopes, even through deſpair, to climb
To new attempts; diſdain the preſent time,
Grow from diſdain to threats, from threats to arms;
While they (though ſons of peace) ſtill ſound th' Alarms:
Thus whether Kings or people ſeek extreams,
Still conſcience and religion are their Theams:
And whatſoever change the State invades,
The pulpit either forces, or perſwades.
Others may give the fewel, or the fire;
But they the breath, that makes the flame, inſpire.

Ab. This, and much more is true, but let not us
Adde to our ills, and aggravate misfortunes
By paſſionate complaints, nor loſe our ſelves,
Becauſe we have loſt him; for if the Tyrant
Were

Were to a ſon ſo noble, ſo unnatural;
What will he be to us, who have appear'd
Friends to that ſon?

Mor. Well thought on, and in time;
Farewel unhappy Prince, while we thy Friends,
As ſtrangers to our Countrey, and our ſelves,
Seek out our ſafety, and expect with patience
Heavens Juſtice.

Ab. Let's rather act it, than expect it:
The Princes injuries at our hands require
More than our tears, and patience:
His Army is not yet diſbanded,
And only wants a head; thither we'll flye,
And all who love the Prince, or hate the Tyrant,
Will follow us.

Mor. Nobly reſolv'd; and either we'll reſtore
The Prince, or periſh in the brave attempt.
Ye Gods, ſince what we mean to execute,
Is your high office (to avenge the innocent)
Aſſiſt us with a fortune, equal to
The juſtice of our action; leſt the world
Should think it ſelf deluded, and miſtruſt
That you want will, or power to be juſt. *Ex.*

Enter Haly.

Ha. 'Tis done, and 'twas my maſter-piece, to work
My ſafety 'twixt two dangerous extreams;
Now like a skilful ſayler have I paſt

Scylla and *Charybdis*, I have ſcap't the rock
Of ſteep Ambition, and the gulf of Jealouſie,
A danger leſs avoided, 'cauſe leſs fear'd.

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. What's done, my Lord?

Ha. Enough, I warrant you; impriſon'd, and depriv'd of ſight.

Mir. No more? This but provokes him: can you think
Your ſelf ſecure, and he alive?

Ha. The reſt o'th' buſineſs will do it ſelf;
He can as well endure a priſon, as a wild Bull the net:
There let him ſtruggle, and toyl himſelf to death,
And ſave us ſo much envy.

Mir. But if his Father ſhould relent, ſuch injuries
Can receive no excuſe or colour, but to be
Transferr'd upon his Counſellours; and then
The forfeiture of them redeems his error.

Ha. We muſt ſet a mark upon his paſſion,
And as we find it running low,
What ebbs from his, into our rage ſhall flow.
Why ſhould we be more wicked
Than we muſt needs?

Mir. Nay, if you ſtick at Conſcience,
More gallant actions have been loſt, for want of being
Compleatly wicked, than have been perform'd

By

By being exactly vertuous. 'Tis hard to be
Exact in good, or excellent in ill;
Our will wants power, or elſe our power wants
skill. [*Ex.*

Enter Solyman and Tormentors.

Sol. But Gentlemen, was the King in earneſt?
I can ſcarce believe it.

Tor. You will when you feel it.

Sol. I pray, have any of you felt it, to tell
me what it is?

Tor. No, Sir, but
Some of your fellow Courtiers can tell you,
That uſe ſomething like it, to mend their ſhapes.
'Twill make you ſo ſtraight and ſlender!

Sol. Slender! becauſe I was ſlender in my
wits, muſt I be drawn
Slender in my waſte? I'd rather grow wiſe,
And corpulent, like him they call *Abdomen*.

Tor. Come, Sir, 'tis but a little ſtretching.

Sol. No, no more's hanging; and ſure this will
be the death of me:
I remember my Grandmother died of Convulſi-
on fits.

Tor. Come, Sir, prepare, prepare.

Sol. I, for another world: I muſt repent firſt.

Tor. Quickly then.

Sol. Then firſt I repent that ſin of being a
Courtier.

And ſecondly, the greateſt ſin one can commit
in that place, the ſpeaking of truth.
Tor. Have you no more ſins?
Sol. Some few trifles more, not worth the remembring;
Drinking, and whoring, and ſwearing, and ſuch like:
But for thoſe let 'em paſs.
Tor. Have you done now?
Sol. Only ſome good counſel to the ſtanders (by.
Tor. We thank you for that, Sir.
Sol. Nay, Gentlemen, miſtake me not;
'Tis not that I love you, but becauſe 'tis a thing of courſe
For dying men.
Tor. Let's have it then.
Sol. Firſt then, if any of you are fools (as I think that
But a needleſs queſtion) be fools ſtill, and labour ſtill
In that vocation, then the worſt will be but whipping;
Where, but for ſeeming wiſe, the beſt is racking.
But if you have the luck to be Court-fools, thoſe that have
Either wit or honeſty, you may fool withal, and ſpare not:
But for thoſe that want either,
You'll find it rather dangerous than otherwiſe;
I could give you a modern

Inſtance

Inſtance or two, but let that paſs: but if you
happen to be State-fools, 'then 'tis
But fooling on the right ſide, and all's well; then
you ſhall at leaſt be
Wiſe mens fellows, if not wiſe mens maſters.
But of all things take heed of giving any man
good counſel,
You ſee what I have got by it; and yet like
a fool, muſt
I be doing on't again.

Tor. Is this all?

Sol. All, but a little in my own behalf. Remember, Gentlemen,
I am at full growth, and my joints are knit; and yet
My ſinews are not Cables.

Tor. Well, we'll remember't.

Sol. But ſtay, Gentlemen, what think you of a bottle now?

Tor. I hope you are more ſerious.

Sol. If you knew but how dry a thing this ſorrow is,
Eſpecially meeting with my conſtitution; which is,
As thirſty as any Serving-mans.

Tor. Let him have it, it may be 'twill make him confeſs.

Sol. Yes, I ſhall, I ſhall lay before you all that's within me,
And with moſt fluent utterance.

Here's

Here's to you all Gentlemen, and let him that's good
Natur'd in his drink, pledge me. [*Drinks.*]
So, methinks I feel it in my joynts already,
It makes 'em ſupple. [*Drinks again.*]
Now I feel it in my brains, it makes 'em ſwim.

Tor. Hold, Sir, you have no meaſure of your ſelf.

Sol. What do you talk of meaſure, you'l take Meaſure of me with a vengeance?

Tor. You are witty, Sir.

Sol. Nothing but a poor clinch;
I have a thouſand of them (a trick I learn't amongſt the Stateſ-men) (*Drinks again.*]
Well rack, I defie thee, do thy worſt;
I would thou wer't Man, Giant, or Monſter.
Gentlemen, now if I happen to fall aſleep
Upon this Engine, pray wake me not too ſuddenly;
You ſee here's good ſtore of wine, and if it be
Over-rack't, 'twill come up with lees and all;
There I was with you again, and now I am for you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Prince, being blind, ſolus.

Prince. Nature,
How didſt thou mock mankind to make him free
And yet to make him fear; or when he loſt
That freedom, why did he not loſe his fear?

That

That fear of fears, the fear of what we know not,
While yet we know it is in vain to fear it:
Death, and what follows death, 'twas that that ſtamp't
A terror on the brow of Kings; that gave
Fortune her Deity, and *Jove* his thunder.
Baniſh but fear of death, thoſe Giant names
Of Majeſty, Power, Empire, finding nothing
To be their object, will be nothing too:
Then he dares yet be free that dares to die,
May laugh at the grim face of Law, and ſcorn
The cruel wrinkle of a Tyrant brow:
But yet to die ſo tamely,
O'recome by paſſion and misfortune,
And ſtill unconquer'd by my foes, ſounds ill;
Below the temper of my ſpirit:
Yet to embrace a life ſo poor, ſo wretched,
So full of deaths, argues a greater dullneſs;
But I am dead already, nor can ſuffer
More in the other world. For what is Hell,
But a long ſleepleſs night? and what's their torment,
But to compare paſt joys with preſent ſorrows?
And what can death deprive me of? the ſight
Of day, of children, friends, and hope of Empire;
And whatſoever others loſe in death,
In life I am depriv'd of; then I will live
Only to die reveng'd: nor will I go
Down to the ſhades alone.
Prompt me ſome witty, ſome revengeful Devil,

His

His Devil that could make a bloudy feaſt
Of his own ſon, and call the gods his gueſts;
Her's that could kill her aged Sire, and caſt
Her brothers ſcatter'd limbs to Wolves and Vultures;
Or his that ſlew his Father, to enjoy
His mothers bed; and greater than all thoſe,
My fathers Devil.
Come miſchief, I embrace thee; fill my ſoul:
And thou Revenge aſcend, and bear the Scepter
O're all my paſſions; baniſh thence
All that are cool, and tame.
Know old Tyrant,
My heart's too big to break, I know thy fears
Exceed my ſufferings; and my revenge,
Though but in hope, is much a greater pleaſure
Than thou canſt take in puniſhing. Then my anger
Sink to the Center of my heart, and there
Lie cloſe in ambuſh, till my ſeeming patience
Hath made the cruel Tyrant as ſecure,
Though with as little cauſe, as now he's jealous.
Who's there? *Enter two or three.*
I find my nature would return
To her old courſe, I feel an inclination
To ſome repoſe; welcome thou pleaſing ſlumber:
A while embrace me in thy leaden arms,
And charm my careful thoughts:
Conduct me to my bed. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter King, Haly and Caliph.

King. How do's the Prince? how bears he
his reſtraint?
Ha. Why, Sir, as all great ſpirits
Bear great and ſudden changes, with ſuch impa-
tience
As a *Numidian* Lion, when firſt caught,
Endures the toyl that holds him.
He would think of nothing
But preſent death, and ſought all violent means
To compaſs it. But time hath mitigated
Thoſe furious heats, he now returns to food
And ſleep, admits the converſation,
Of thoſe that are about him.
King. I would I had not
So eaſily believ'd my fears, I was too ſudden;
I would it were undone.
Cal. If you lament it,
That which now looks like Juſtice, will be
thought
An inconſiderate raſhneſs.
King. But there are in nature
Such ſtrong returns! That I puniſht him,
I do not grieve; but that he was my Son.
Ha. But it concerns you to bear up your
paſſion,
And make it good; for if the people know,
That you have cauſe to grieve for what is done,
They'll

They'l think you had no cauſe at firſt to do it.
King to the Ca. Go viſit him from me, and
teach him patience;
Since neither all his fury, nor my ſorrow
Can help what's paſt, tell him my ſeverity
To him ſhall in ſome meaſure be requited,
By my indulgence to his children. And if he de-
ſire it,
Let them have acceſs to him: endeavour to
take off
His thoughts from revenge, by telling him of
Paradiſe, and I know not what pleaſures
In the other world.
Cal. I ſhall, Sir. *Ex. King and Ca. Ma. Haly.*
Enter Mirvan.
Ha. Mirvan, The King relents, and now
there's left
No refuge but the laſt; he muſt be poyſoned:
And ſuddenly, leſt he ſurvive his Father.
Mir. But handſomly, leſt it appear.
Ha. Appear!
To whom? you know there's none about him
But ſuch as I have plac't; and they ſhall ſay
'Twas diſcontent, or abſtinence.
Mir. But at the beſt
'Twill be ſuſpected.
Ha. Why though't be known,
We'll ſay he poyſoned himſelf.
Mir. But the curious will pry further
Than bare report, and the old King's ſuſpicions
Have piercing eyes. *Ha.*

Ha. But thoſe nature
Will ſhortly cloſe: you ſee his old diſeaſe
Grows ſtrong upon him.
Mir. But if he ſhould recover?
Ha. But I have caſt his Nativity; he cannot, he muſt not.
I'th' mean time I have ſo beſieg'd him,
So blockt up all the paſſages, and plac'd
So many Centinels and Guards upon him,
That no intelligence can be convey'd
But by my inſtruments. But this buſineſs will require
More heads and hands than ours: Go you to the priſon,
And bring the Keeper privately to me,
To give him his inſtructions. *Ex. ſeveral ways.*

Enter Prince *and* Caliph.

Cal. Sir, I am commanded by the King
To viſit you.
Prince. What, to give a period to my life,
And to his fears? You're welcom; here's a throat,
A heart, or any other part, ready to let
In death, and receive his commands.
Ca. My Lord, I am no meſſenger, nor miniſter of death,
'Tis not my function.
Prince. I ſhould know that voice.

Ca.

Cal. I am the *Caliph*, and am come to tell you, your Father
Is now return'd to himself: Nature ha's got
The victory o're passion, all his rigour
Is turn'd to grief and pity.

Prince. Alas good man!
I pity him and his infirmities;
His doubts, and fears, and accidents of age,
Which first provok'd his cruelty.

Ca. He bid me tell you,
His love to yours should amply recompence
His cruelty to you: And I dare say 'tis real;
For all his thoughts, his pleasures, and delights,
Are fixt on *Fatyma*: when he is sad,
She comforts him; when sick, she's his Physician.
And were it not for the delight he takes
In her, I think he'd, die with sorrow,

Prince. But how, are his affections fixt so strangely
On her alone? sure 'tis not in his nature;
For then he had lov'd me, or hated her,
Because she came from me.

Ca. 'Tis her desert,
She's fair beyond comparison, and witty
Above her age; and bears a manly spirit
Above her Sex.

Prince. But may not I admire her?
Is that too great a happiness? pray let her make it
Her next suit to be permitted to visit me her self.

Ca.

Ca. She ſhall, Sir: I joy to ſee your mind
So well compos'd; I fear'd I ſhould have found
A tempeſt in your ſoul, and came to lay it.
I'le to the King;
I know to him that news will be
Moſt acceptable.
Prince. Pray do, and tell him
I have caſt off all my paſſions, and am now
A man again; fit for ſociety
And converſation.
Ca. I will Sir. *Exit.*
Prince. I never knew my ſelf till now; how on the ſudden
I'm grown an excellent diſſembler, to out-do
One at the firſt, that has practis'd it all his life:
So now I am my ſelf again, what is't
I feel within? Methinks ſome vaſt deſign
Now takes poſſeſſion of my heart, and ſwells
My labouring thoughts above the common bounds
Of humane actions, ſomething full of horror
My ſoul hath now decreed, my heart does beat,
As if 'twere forging thunder-bolts for *Jove*,
To ſtrike the Tyrant dead: So now, I have it,
I have it, 'tis a gallant miſchief,
Worthy my Father, or my Fathers Son.
All his delight's in *Fatyma*, poor innocent!
But not more innocent than I, and yet
My Father loves thee, and that's crime enough.
By this act, old Tyrant,

I ſhall be quit with thee: while I was virtuous,
I was a ſtranger to thy blood, but now
Sure thou wilt love me for this horrid crime,
It is ſo like thy own. In this I'm ſure,
Although in nothing elſe, I am thy Son:
But when 'tis done, I leave him yet that remedy
I take my ſelf, Revenge; but I as well
Will rob him of his anger, as his joy,
And having ſent her to the ſhades,
I'le follow her.
But to return again, and dwell
In his dire thoughts, for there's the blacker hell.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir, your wife the Princeſs is come to viſit you.

Prince. Conduct her in; now to my diſguiſe again.

Enter Princeſs.

Princeſs. Is this my Lord the Prince?

Prince. That's *Erythæa.*
Or ſome Angel voyc't like her. 'Tis ſhe, my ſtrugling ſoul
Would fain go out to meet and welcom her.
Erythæa!
No anſwer but in ſighs (dear *Erythæa?*)
Thou cam'ſt to comfort, to ſupport my ſufferings,
Not to oppreſs me with a greater weight,
To ſee that my unhappineſs
Involves thee to.

Princeſs.

Princeſs. My Lord, in all your triumphs and your glories,
You call'd me into all your joys, and gave me
An equal ſhare, and in this depth of miſery
Can I be unconcern'd? you needs muſt know,
You needs muſt hope I cannot; or which is worſe,
You muſt ſuſpect my love: for what is love
But Sympathy? And this I make my happineſs,
Since both cannot be happy,
That we can both be miſerable.

Prince. I prethee do not ſay thou lov'ſt me;
For love, or finds out equals, or makes 'em ſo:
But I am ſo caſt down, and fallen ſo low,
I cannot riſe to thee, and dare not wiſh
Thou ſhould'ſt deſcend to me; but call it pity,
And I will own it then, that Kings may give
To beggars, and not leſſen their own greatneſs.

Princeſs. Till now I thought virtue had ſtood above
The reach of fortune; but if virtue be not,
Yet love's a greater Deity: whatever fortune
Can give or take, love wants not, or deſpiſes;
Or by his own omnipotence ſupplies:
Then like a God with joy beholds
The beauty of his own Creations.
Thus what we form and image to our fancies,
We really poſſeſs.

Prince. But can thy imagination
Delude it ſelf, to fix upon an object

So loſt in miſeries, ſo old in ſorrows;
Paleneſs and death hang on my cheek, and darkneſs
Dwells in my eyes; more chang'd from what I was
In perſon then in fortune.

Princeſs. Yet ſtill the ſame to me:
Alas my Lord, theſe outward beauties are but the props and ſcaffolds
On which we built our love, which now made perfect,
Stands without thoſe ſupports: nor is my flame
So earthy as to need the dull material fuel
Of eyes, or lips, or cheeks, ſtill to be kindled,
And blown by appetite, or elſe t' expire:
My fires are purer, and like thoſe of Heaven,
Fed only, and contented with themſelves,
Need nothing from without.

Prince. But the diſgrace that waits upon miſfortune,
The meer reproach, the ſhame of being miſerable,
Expoſes men to ſcorn and baſe contempt,
Even from their neareſt friends.

Princeſs. Love is ſo far from ſcorning miſery,
That he delights in't, and is ſo kindly cruel,
Sometimes to wiſh it, that he may be alone;
Inſtead of all, of fortunes, honours, friends, which are
But meer diverſions from loves proper object,

Which

Which only is it ſelf.

Prince. Thou haſt almoſt
Taught me to love my miſeries, and forgive
All my misfortunes. I'le at leaſt forget 'em;
We will revive thoſe times, and in our memories
Preſerve, and ſtill keep freſh (like flowers in water)
Thoſe happier days: when at our eyes our ſouls
Kindled their mutual fires, their equal beams
Shot and returned, till linkt, and twin'd in one,
They chain'd our hearts together.

Princeſs. And was it juſt, that fortune ſhould begin
Her tyranny, where we began our loves?
No, if it had, why was not I blind too?
I'm ſure if weeping could have don't, I had been.

Prince. Think not that I am blind, but think it night,
A ſeaſon for our loves, and which to lovers
Ne're ſeems too long; and think of all our miſeries,
But as ſome melancholy dream which has awak't us,
To the renewing of our joys.

Princeſs. My Lord, this is a temper
Worthy the old Philoſophers.

Prince. I but repeat that leſſon

Which I have learnt from thee. All this morality
Thy love hath taught me.

Princeſs. My Lord, you wrong your virtue,
T' aſcribe the effect of that to any cauſe
Leſs noble than it ſelf.

Prince. And you your love,
To think it is leſs noble, or leſs powerful,
Then any the beſt virtue: and I fear thy love
Will wrong it ſelf: ſo long a ſtay will make
The jealous King ſuſpect we have been plotting:
How do the pledges of our former love;
Our Children?

Princeſs. Both happy in their Grandſires love,
especially
The pretty *Fatyma*; yet ſhe
According to her apprehenſion feels
A ſenſe of your misfortunes.

Prince. But let her not too much expreſs it,
Leſt ſhe provoke his fury.

Princeſs. She only can allay it
When 'tis provok't; ſhe
Plays with his rage, and gets above his anger;
As you have ſeen a little boat
To mount and dance upon the wave, that
threatens
To overwhelm it.

Prince. To threaten is to ſave, but his anger
Strikes us like thunder, where the blow out-flies
The loud report, and even prevents mens fears.

Princeſs. But then like thunder

It rends a Cedar, or an Oak, or finds
Some ſtrong reſiſting matter; women and children
Are not Subjects worthy a Princes anger.
Prince. Whatſoever
Is worthy of their love is worth their anger.
Princeſs. Love's a more natural motion; they are angry
As Princes, but love as men.
Prince. Once more I beg,
Make not thy love thy danger.
Princeſs. My Lord, I ſee with what unwillingneſs
You lay upon me this command, and through your fears
Diſcern your love, and therefore muſt obey you. *Exit.*
Prince. Farewel my deareſt *Erythæa.*
There's a ſtrange muſick in her voice, the ſtory
Of *Orpheus*, which appears ſo bold a fiction,
Was prophecy'd of thee; thy voice has tam'd
The Tigers and the Lions of my ſoul.
Enter Meſſenger.
Meſſ. Sir, your daughter *Fatyma.*
Prince. Conduct her in; how ſtrangely am I tempted
With opportunity, which like a ſudden guſt
Hath ſwell'd my calmer thoughts into a tempeſt?
Accurſed opportunity!

The Midwife and the Bawd to all our vices,
That work'ſt our thoughts into deſires, deſires
To reſolutions; thoſe being ripe, and quickned,
Thou giv'ſt 'em birth, and bring'ſt 'em forth to action.

Enter Fat. and Meſſenger.

Prince. Leave us, O opportunity!
That when my dire and bloody reſolutions,
Like ſick and froward children
Were rockt aſleep by reaſon or religion,
Thou like a violent noiſe cam'ſt ruſhing in,
And mak'ſt 'em wake and ſtart to new unquietneſs.
Come hither, pretty *Fatyma*,
Thy Grandſires darling, ſit upon my knee:
He loves thee dearly.

Fat. I, Father, for your ſake.

Prince. And for his ſake I ſhall requite it.
O virtue, virtue,
Where art thou fled? thou art my Reaſons friend;
But that like a depoſed Prince has yielded
His Scepter to his baſe uſurping vaſſals;
And like a traytor to himſelf, takes pleaſure
In ſerving them.

Fat. But Father,
I deſir'd him that you might have liberty, and that
He would give you your eyes again.

Prince. Pretty Innocence!

'Tis

'Tis not i'th' art, nor power of man to do it.

Fat. Muſt you never ſee again then, Father?

Prince. No, not without a miracle.

Fat. Why Father, I can ſee with one eye, pray take one
Of mine.

Prince. I would her innocent prate could overcome me:
O what a conflict do I feel! how am I
Toſt like a ſhip 'twixt two encountring tides!
Love that was baniſht hence, would fain return
And force an entrance, but revenge
(That's now the Porter of my ſoul) is deaf,
Deaf as the Adder, and as full of poyſon.
Mighty revenge! that ſingle canſt o'rethrow
All thoſe joynt powers, which nature, vertue, honour,
Can raiſe againſt thee.

Fat. What do you ſeek for, your handkerchief? pray uſe mine;
To drink the bloudy moiſture from your eyes;
I'le ſhew't my Grandfather,
I know 'twill make him weep.
Why do you ſhake Father?
Juſt ſo my Grandfire trembled at the inſtant
Your ſight was ta'ne away.

Prince. And upon the like occaſion.

Fat. O Father, what means the naked knife?

Prince. 'Tis to requite thy Grandfires love.
Prepare

To

To meet thy death.

Fat. O, 'tis I, 'tis I,
Your daughter *Fatyma*!

Prince. I therefore do it.

Fat. Alas, was this the bleſſing my mother ſent me to receive?

Prince. Thy Mother! *Erythæa*! There's ſomething in that
That ſhakes my reſolution.
Poor *Erythæa*, how wretched ſhall I make thee,
To rob thee of a Husband and a Child?
But which is worſe, that firſt I fool'd and won thee
To a belief that all was well; and yet
Shall I forbear a crime for love of thee,
And not for love of virtue? But what's virtue?
A meer imaginary ſound, a thing
Of ſpeculation; which to my dark ſoul,
Depriv'd of reaſon, is as indiſcernable
As colours to my body, wanting ſight.
Then being left to ſenſe, I muſt be guided
By ſomething that my ſenſe graſps and takes hold of;
On then my love, and fear not to encounter
That Giant, my revenge (alas poor *Fatyma*)
My Father loves thee, ſo do's *Erythæa*:
Whether ſhall I by juſtly plaguing
Him whom I hate, be more unjuſtly cruel
To her I love? Or being kind to her,
Be cruel to my ſelf, and leave unſatisfied

My

My anger and revenge? but Love, thou art
The nobler paſſion, and to thee I ſacrifice
All my ungentle thoughts. *Fatyma* forgive me,
And ſeal it with a kiſs: What is't I feel?
The ſpirit of revenge re-inforcing
New Arguments. Fly *Fatyma*, ——————
Fly while thou may'ſt, nor tempt me to new miſchief,
By giving means to act it; to this ill
My will leads not my power, but power my will. *Ex. Fat.*
O what a tempeſt have I ſcap't, thanks to Heaven,
And *Erythæa*'s love!
No: 'twas a poor, a low revenge, unworthy
My virtues, or my injuries, and
As now my fame, ſo then my infamy,
Would blot out his; And I inſtead of his Empire,
Shall only be the heir of all his curſes.
No: I'le be ſtill my ſelf, and carry with me
My innocence to th' other world, and leave
My fame to this: 'twill be a brave revenge
To raiſe my mind to a conſtancy, ſo high,
That may look down upon his threats, my patience
Shall mock his fury; nor ſhall he be ſo happy
To make me miſerable: and my ſufferings ſhall
Erect a prouder Trophy to my name,
Than all my proſperous actions: Every Pilot

Can

Can ſteer the ſhip in calms, but he performs
The skilful part, can manage it in ſtorms.

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Prince.

Prince. If happineſs be a ſubſtantial good,
Not fram'd of accidents, nor ſubject to 'em,
I err'd to ſeek it in a blind revenge,
Or think it loſt in loſs of ſight, or Empire;
'Tis ſomething ſure within us, not ſubjected
To ſenſe of ſight, only to be diſcern'd
By reaſon, my ſoul's eye, and that ſtill ſees
Clearly, and clearer for the want of theſe;
For gazing through theſe windows of the body,
It met ſuch ſeveral, ſuch diſtracting objects;
But now confin'd within it ſelf, it ſees
A ſtrange, and unknown world, and there diſcovers
Torrents of Anger, Mountains of Ambition;
Gulfes of Deſire, and Towers of hope, huge Giants,
Monſters, and ſavage Beaſts; to vanquiſh theſe,
Will be a braver conqueſt than the old

Or

Or the new world.
O happineſs of blindneſs! now no beauty
Inflames my luſt, no others good, my envy,
Or miſery, my pity: no mans wealth
Draws my reſpect, nor poverty my ſcorn;
Yet ſtill I ſee enough. Man to himſelf
Is a large proſpect, rais'd above the level
Of his low creeping thoughts; if then I have
A world within my ſelf, that world ſhall be
My Empire; there I'le raign, commanding freely,
And willingly obey'd, ſecure from fear
Of foreign forces, or domeſtick treaſons,
And hold a Monarchy more free, more abſolute
Than in my Fathers ſeat; and looking down
With ſcorn or pity, on the ſlippery ſtate
Of Kings, will tread upon the neck of Fate. *Ex.*

Enter Baſhaws diſguis'd, with Haly.

1 *Baſh.* Sir, 'tis of near concernment, and imports
No leſs than the Kings life and honour.
Ha. May not I know it?
Baſh. You may, Sir. But in his preſence we are ſworn
T' impart it firſt to him.
Ha. Our Perſian State deſcends not
To Interviews with ſtrangers: but from whence
Come this diſcovery, or you that bring it?

2 *Baſh.*

2 *Baſh.* We are, Sir, of *Natolia.*

Ha. *Natolia?* Heard you nothing
Of two Villains that lately fled from hence?

1 *Baſh.* The *Baſhaws*, Sir?

Ha. The ſame.

2 *Baſh.* They are nearer than you think for.

Ha. Where?

1 *Baſh.* In *Perſia.*

Ha. In arms again to 'tempt another ſlavery?

2 *Baſh.* No, Sir, they made ſome weak attempts, preſuming on
The reputation of their former greatneſs:
But having loſt their fame and fortunes,
'Tis no wonder they loſt their friends; now hopeleſs and forlorn
They are return'd, and ſomewhere live obſcurely,
To expect a change in *Perſia*; nor wil't be hard
To find 'em.

Ha. Do't, and name your own rewards.

2 *Baſh.* We dare do nothing till we have ſeen the King,
And then you ſhall command us.

Ha. Well, though 'tis not uſual,
Ye ſhall have free acceſs. *Exit Haly.*

Enter King and Haly.

1 *Baſh.* Sir, there were two Turkiſh priſoners lately fled
From hence for a ſuppos'd conſpiracy
Between the Prince and them.

King.

King. Where are the Villains?

1 *Baſh.* This is the Villain, Sir; *They pull off their diſguiſes.*
And we the wrongfully accus'd:
You gave life Sir,
And we took it
As a free noble gift; but when we heard
'Twas valued at the price of your Sons honour,
We came to give it back, as a poor trifle,
Priz'd at a rate too high.

King. Haly,
I cannot think my favours plac'd ſo ill,
To be ſo ill requited; yet their confidence
Has ſomething in't that looks like innocence.

Ha. aſide. Is't come to that? then to my laſt and ſureſt refuge.

King. Sure if the guilt were theirs, they could not charge thee
With ſuch a gallant boldneſs: if 'twere thine,
Thou could'ſt not hear't with ſuch a ſilent ſcorn;
I am amaz'd.

Ha. Sir, perplex your thoughts no further,
They have truth to make 'em bold;
And I have power to ſcorn it: 'twas I Sir,
That betray'd him, and you, and them.

King. Is this impudence, or madneſs?

Ha. Neither:
A very ſober, and ſad truth---- to you, Sir.

King. A Guard there.

Enter Mirvan, and others.

King. Seize him.

Ha.

Ha. Seize them; now
Though 'tis too late to learn, yet know
'Gainſt you are King again, what 'tis to let your Subjects
Diſpoſe all offices of truſt and power:
The beaſt obeys his keeper, and looks up,
Not to his maſters, but his feeders hand;
And when you gave me power to diſpenſe
And make your favours mine, in the ſame hour
You made your ſelf my ſhadow: and 'twas my courteſie
To let you live, and raign ſo long.

King. Without there!

Enter two or three, and join with the others.

What none but Traytors? Has this Villain
Breath'd treaſon into all, and with that breath,
Like a contagious vapour, blaſted Loyalty?
Sure Hell it ſelf hath ſent forth all her Furies,
T' inhabit and poſſeſs this place.

Ha. Sir, paſſions without power,
Like ſeas againſt a rock, but loſe their fury.
Mirvan, take theſe Villains, and ſee 'em ſtrangled.

1 *Baſh.* Farewel, Sir, commend us to your ſon, let him know,
That ſince we cannot die his ſervants,
We'll die his Martyrs.

King. Farewel, unhappy friends,
A long farewel, and may you find rewards
Great as your Innocence; or which is more,
Great

Great as your wrongs.

2 *Baſh.* Come, thou art troubled,
Thou doſt not fear to dye?

1 *Baſh.* No, but to loſe my death,
To ſell my life ſo cheap, while this proud villain
That takes it muſt ſurvive.

2 *Baſh.* We ſhall not loſe our deaths,
If Heaven can hear the cries of guiltleſs blood,
Which ſure it muſt; for I have heard th'are loud ones:
Vengeance ſhall overtake thee.

Ha. Away with 'em.

King. Stay, *Haly*, they are innocent; yet life, when 'tis thy gift,
Is worſe than death, I diſdain to ask it.

1 *Baſh.* And we to take it.

Ha. Do not ask it, Sir,
For them to whom you owe your ruine, they have undone you;
Had not they told you this, you had liv'd ſecure,
And happy in your ignorance; but this injury,
Since 'tis not in your nature to forgive it,
I muſt not leave it in your power to puniſh it.

King. Heaven, though from thee I have deſerv'd this plague,
Be thou my Judge and Witneſs, from this villain
'Tis undeſerv'd.
Had I but felt your vengeance from ſome hand

That firſt had ſuffer'd mine, it had been juſtice:
But have you ſent this ſad return of all
My love, my truſt, my favours?
Ha. Sir, there's a great reſemblance
Between your favours, and my injuries;
Thoſe are too great to be requited, theſe
Too great to be forgiven: and therefore
'Tis but in vain to mention either.
King. Mirza, Mirza,
How art thou loſt by my deceiv'd credulity?
I'le beg thy pardon.
Ha. Stay, Sir, not without my leave:
Go ſome of you, and let the people know
The King keeps ſtate, and will not come in publick:
If any great affairs, or State addreſſes,
Bring 'em to me.
King. How have I taught the villain
To act my part? but oh, my ſon, my ſon,
Shall I not ſee thee?
Ha. For once you ſhall, Sir,
But you muſt grant me one thing.
King. Traytor, doſt thou mock my miſeries?
What can I give but this unhappy life?
Ha. Alas! Sir, it is but that I ask, and 'tis my modeſty
To ask it, it being in my power to take it:
When you ſhall ſee him, Sir, to die for pity,
'Twere ſuch a thing, 'twould ſo deceive the world,

And make the people think you were good
natur'd;
'Twill look ſo well in ſtory, and become
The ſtage ſo handſomly.
King. I ne're deny'd thee any thing, and ſhall
not now
Deny thee this, though I could ſtand upright
Under the tyranny of age and fortune;
Yet the ſad weight of ſuch ingratitude
Will cruſh me into earth.
Ha. Loſe not your tears, but keep
Your lamentations for your ſon, or ſins;
For both deſerve 'em: but you muſt make haſte,
Sir,
Or he'l not ſtay your coming. *He looks upon*
'Tis now about the hour the poyſon *a watch.*
Muſt take effect.
King. Poyſon'd? oh Heaven!
Ha. Nay, Sir, loſe no time in wonder, both
of us
Have much to do; if you will ſee your Son,
Here's one ſhall bring you to him. *Exit King.*
Some unskilful Pilot had ſhipwrackt here;
But I not only againſt ſure
And likely ills have made my ſelf ſecure:
But ſo confirm'd, and fortify'd my ſtate,
To ſet it ſafe above the reach of Fate.
Exit Haly.

Enter Prince led, Servant at the other door, Princeſs and Soffy.

Serv. Sir, the Princeſs and your Son.

Prince. Soffy, thou com'ſt to wonder at
Thy wretched Father: why doſt thou interrupt
Thy happineſs, by looking on an object
So miſerable?

Princeſs. My Lord, methinks there is not in your voice
The vigour that was wont, nor in your look
The wonted chearfulneſs. Are you well my Lord?

Prince. No: but I ſhall be, I feel my health a coming.

Princeſs. What's your diſeaſe, my Lord?

Prince. Nothing, but I have tane a Cordial,
Sent by the King or *Haly*, in requital
Of all my miſeries, to make me happy:
The pillars of this frame grow weak,
As if the weight of many years oppreſs 'em;
My ſinews ſlacken, and an Icy ſtiffneſs
Benums my blood.

Princeſs. Alas, I fear he's poyſon'd:
Call all the help that Art, or Herbs, or Minerals
Can miniſter.

Prince. No, 'tis too late:
And they that gave me this, are too well practis'd

In

In ſuch an Art, to attempt and not perform.

Princeſs. Yet try my Lord, revive your thoughts, the Empire
Expects you, your Father's dying.

Prince. So when the ſhip is ſinking,
The winds that wrackt it ceaſe.

Princeſs. Will you be the ſcorn of fortune,
To come near a Crown, and only near it?

Prince. I am not fortunes ſcorn, but ſhe is mine,
More blind than I.

Princeſs. O tyranny of Fate! to bring
Death in one hand, and Empire in the other;
Only to ſhew us happineſs, and then
To ſnatch us from it.

Prince. They ſnatch me to it;
My ſoul is on her journey, do not now
Divert, or lead her back, to loſe her ſelf
I'th' amaze, and winding labyrinths o'th' world:
I prethee do not weep, thy love is that
I part with moſt unwillingly, or otherwiſe
I had not ſtaid till rude neceſſity
Had forc'd me hence.
Soffy, be not a man too ſoon,
And when thou art, take heed of too much vertue;
It was thy Fathers, and his only crime,
'Twill make the King ſuſpicious; yet e're time,
By natures courſe has ripened thee to man,
'Twill mellow him to duſt; till then forget

I was thy Father, yet forget it not,
My great example ſhall excite thy thoughts
To noble actions. And you dear *Erythæa*,
Give not your paſſions vent; nor let blind fury
Precipitate your thoughts, nor ſet 'em working,
Till time ſhall lend 'em better means and inſtruments
Than loſt complaints. Where's pretty *Fatyma*?
She muſt forgive my raſh ungentle paſſion.

Princeſs. What do you mean, Sir?

Prince. I am aſham'd to tell you,
I prethee call her.

Princeſs. I will, Sir, I pray try
If ſleep will eaſe your torments, and repair
Your waſted ſpirits.

Prince. Sleep to thoſe empty lids
Is grown a ſtranger, and the day and night
As undiſtinguiſht by my ſleep, as ſight.
O happineſs of poverty! that reſts
Securely on a bed of living turf,
While we with waking cares and reſtleſs thoughts,
Lye tumbling on our downe, courting the bleſſing
Of a ſhort minutes ſlumber, which the Ploughman
Shakes from him, as a ranſom'd ſlave his fetters:
Call in ſome Muſick, I have heard ſoft airs
Can charm our ſenſes, and expel our cares.
Is *Erythæa* gone?

Serv.

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Prince. 'Tis well:
I would not have her preſent at my death.

Enter Muſick.

MOrpheus *the humble God, that dwells*
In Cottages and Smoakie Cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of downe;
And though he fears no Princes frown,
Flies from the circle of a Crown.

Come, I ſay, thou powerful God,
And thy Leaden charming Rod,
Dipt in the Lethæan Lake,
O're his wakeful temples ſhake,
Leſt he ſhould ſleep and never wake.

Nature (alas) why art thou ſo
Obliged to thy greateſt Foe?
Sleep that is thy beſt repaſt,
Yet of death it bears a taſte,
And both are the ſame thing at laſt.

Serv. So now he ſleeps, let's leave him
To his repoſe.

Enter King.

King. The horror of this place preſents
The horror of my crimes, I fain would ask

What I am loth to her; but I am well prepar'd:
They that are paſt all hope of good, are paſt
All fear of ill: and yet if he be dead,
Speak ſoftly, or uncertainly.

Phy. Sir, he ſleeps.

King. O that's too plain, I know thou mean'ſt his laſt,
His long, his endleſs ſleep.

Phy. No, Sir, he lives; but yet
I fear the ſleep you ſpeak of will be his next;
For nature like a weak and weary traveller,
Tir'd with a tedious and rugged way,
Not by deſire provok't, but ev'n betray'd
By wearineſs and want of ſpirits,
Gives up her ſelf to this unwilling ſlumber.

King. Thou haſt it, *Haly*, 'tis indeed a ſad
And ſober truth, though the firſt
And only truth thou ever told'ſt me:
And 'tis a fatal ſign, when Kings hear truth,
Eſpecially when flatterers dare ſpeak it.

Prince. I thought I heard my Father, does he think the poyſon
Too ſlow, and comes to ſee the operation?

Prince Awakes.

Or does he think his engine dull, or honeſt?
Leſs apt to execute, than he to bid him:
He needs not, 'tis enough, it will ſucceed
To his expectation.

King. 'Tis indeed thy Father,
Thy wretched Father; but ſo far from acting

New

New cruelties, that if thoſe already paſt,
Acknowledg'd and repented of, can yet
Receive a pardon, by thoſe mutual bonds
Nature has ſeal'd between us, which though I
Have cancell'd, thou haſt ſtill preſerv'd inviolate;
I beg thy pardon.

Prince. Death in it ſelf appears
Lovely and ſweet, not only to be pardoned,
But wiſht for, had it come from any other hand,
But from a Father; a Father,
A name ſo full of life, of love, of pity:
Death from a Fathers hand, from whom I firſt
Receiv'd a being, 'tis a prepoſterous gift,
An act at which inverted Nature ſtarts
And bluſhes to behold her ſelf ſo cruel.

King. Take thou that comfort with thee, and be not deaf to truth:
By all that's holy, by the dying accents
Of thine, and my laſt breath, I never meant,
I never wiſht it: ſorrow has ſo over-fraught
This ſinking barque, I ſhall not live to ſhew
How I abhor, or how I would repent
My firſt raſh crime; but he that now
Has poyſon'd thee, firſt poyſon'd me with jealouſie,
A fooliſh cauſleſs jealouſie.

Prince. Since you believe my innocence,
I cannot but believe your ſorrow:

But

But does the villain live? A juſt revenge
Would more become the ſorrows of a King,
Than womaniſh complaints.

King. *O Mirza, Mirza!*
I have no more the power to do it,
Than thou to ſee it done: My Empire *Mirza*,
My Empire's loſt: thy vertue was the rock
On which it firmly ſtood, that being under-
min'd,
It ſunk with it's own weight; the villain whom
my breath created,
Now braves it in my Throne.

Prince. O for an hour of life; but 'twill not
be:
Revenge and juſtice we muſt leave to Heaven.
I would ſay more, but death hath taken in the
out-works,
And now aſſails the fort; I feel, I feel him
Gnawing my heart-ſtrings: Farewel, and yet I
would---- [*Dies.*

King. O ſtay, ſtay but a while, and take me
with thee;
Come Death, let me embrace thee, thou that
wert
The worſt of all my fears, art now the beſt
Of all my hopes. But Fate, why haſt thou
added
This curſe to all the reſt? the love of life;
We love it, and yet hate it; death we loath,
And ſtill deſire; flie to it, and yet fear it.

Enter

Enter Princeſs and Soffy.

Princeſs. He's gone, he's gone for ever:
O that the poyſon had miſtaken his,
And met this hated life; but cruel Fate
Envied ſo great a happineſs: Fate that ſtill
Flies from the wretched, and purſues the bleſt.
Ye Heavens! But why ſhould I complain to them
That hear me not, or bow to thoſe that hate me?
Why ſhould your curſes ſo out-weigh your bleſſings?
They come but ſingle, and long expectation
Takes from their value: but theſe fall upon us
Double and ſudden. *Sees the King.*
Yet more of horror, then farewel my tears,
And my juſt anger be no more confin'd
To vain complaints, or ſelf-devouring ſilence;
But break, break forth upon him like a deluge,
And the great ſpirit of my injur'd Lord
Poſſeſs me, and inſpire me with a rage
Great as thy wrongs, and let me call together
All my Souls powers, to throw a curſe upon him
Black as his crimes.

King. O ſpare your anger, 'tis loſt;
For he whom thou accuſeſt has already
Condemn'd himſelf, and is as miſerable
As thou canſt think, or wiſh him; ſpit upon me,
Caſt all reproaches on me, womans wit

Or

Or malice can invent, I'le thank thee for them;
What e're can give me a more lively ſenſe
Of my own crimes, that ſo I may repent 'em.
Princeſs. O cruel Tyrant! couldſt thou be ſo barbarous
To a Son as noble as thy ſelf art vile?
That knew no other crime, but too much vertue;
Nor could deſerve ſo great a puniſhment
For any fault, but that he was thy Son?
Now not content to exceed all other Tyrants,
Exceed'ſt thy ſelf: firſt robbing him of ſight,
Then ſeeming by a fain'd and forc'd repentance,
To expiate that crime, didſt win him to
A falſe ſecurity, and now by poyſon
Haſt rob'd him of his life.
King. Were but my ſoul as pure
From other guilts as that, Heaven did not hold
One more immaculate. Yet what I have done,
He dying did forgive me, and hadſt thou been preſent,
Thou wouldſt have done the ſame: for thou art happy,
Compar'd to me; I am not only miſerable,
But wicked too; thy miſeries may find
Pity, and help from others; but mine make me
The ſcorn, and the reproach of all the world;
Thou, like unhappy Merchants, whoſe adventures
Are daſht on rocks, or ſwallowed up in ſtorms,

Ow'ſt

Ow'ſt all thy loſſes to the Fates: but I
Like waſtful Prodigals, have caſt away
My happineſs, and with it all mens pity:
Thou ſeeſt how weak and wretched guilt can make,
Even Kings themſelves, when a weak womans anger
Can maſter mine.

Princeſs. And your ſorrow
As much o'recomes my anger, and turns into melting pity.

King. Pity not me, nor yet deplore your husband;
But ſeek the ſafety of your Son, his innocence
Will be too weak a guard, when nor my greatneſs,
Nor yet his Fathers vertues could protect us.
Go on my Boy, the juſt revenge of all *To Soffy.*
Our wrongs I recommend to thee and Heaven;
I feel my weakneſs growing ſtrong upon me:

Exeunt.

Death thou art he that wilt not flatter Princes,
That ſtoops not to authority, nor gives
A ſpecious name to tyranny; but ſhews
Our actions in their own deformed likeneſs.
Now all thoſe cruelties which I have acted,
To make me great, or glorious, or ſecure,
Look like the hated crimes of other men.

Enter

Enter Phyſician.

King. O ſave, ſave me! who are thoſe that ſtand,
And ſeem to threaten me?

Phy. There's no body, 'tis nothing
But ſome fearful dream.

King. Yes, that's my brother's Ghoſt, whoſe birth-right ſtood
'Twixt me and Empire, like a ſpreading Cedar
That grows to hinder ſome delightful proſpect,
Him I cut down.
Next my old Fathers Ghoſt, whom I impatient
To have my hopes delay'd, haſtned by violence before his fatal day;
Then my enraged Son, who ſeems to becken,
And hale me to him. I come, I come, ye Ghoſts,
The greateſt of you all; but ſure one hell's
Too little to contain me, and too narrow
For all my crimes. [*Dies.*

Enter Mirvan and Haly at ſeveral doors.

Haly. Go muſter all the City-Bands; pretend it
To prevent ſudden tumults,
But indeed to ſettle the ſucceſſion.

Mir. My Lord, you are too ſudden, you'l take 'em unprepar'd.
Alas, you know their conſciences are tender.
Scandal and ſcruple muſt be firſt remov'd,
They muſt be pray'd and preach'd into a tumult:

But

But for ſucceſſion,
Let us agree on that; there's *Calamah*
The eldeſt Son by the Arabian Lady,
A gallant youth.
Ha. I, too gallant, his proud ſpirit will diſdain
To owe his greatneſs to anothers gift:
Such gifts as Crowns, tranſcending all requital,
Turn injuries.
No, *Mirvan*; he muſt be dull and ſtupid, leſt he know
Wherefore we made him King.
Mir. But he muſt be good natur'd, tractable,
And one that will be govern'd.
Ha. And have ſo much wit to know whom he's beholding to.
Mir. But why, my Lord, ſhould you look further than your ſelf?
Ha. I have had ſome ſuch thoughts; but I conſider
The Perſian State will not endure a King
So meanly born; no, I'le rather be the ſame I am,
In place the ſecond, but the firſt in power:
Solyman the Son of the *Georgian* Lady
Shall be the man: what noiſe is that?

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, the Princes late victorious Army
Is marching towards the Palace, breathing nothing

But

But fury and revenge; to them are joyn'd
All whom desire of change, or discontent,
Excites to new attempts, their Leaders
Abdal and *Morat*.

Ha. *Abdal* and *Morat*! *Mirvan*, we are lost,
fallen from the top
Of all our hopes, and cast away like Sailers,
Who scaping Seas, and Rocks, and Tempests,
perish
I'th' very Port; so are we lost i'th' sight
And reach of all our wishes.

Mir. How has our intelligence fail'd us so
strangely?

Ha. No, no, I knew they were in mutiny;
But they could ne're have hurt us,
Had they not come at this instant period,
This point of time: had he liv'd two days
longer,
A pardon to the Captains, and a largess
Among the Souldiers, had appeas'd their fury:
Had he dy'd two days sooner, the succession
Had as we pleas'd, been setled, and secur'd
By *Soffy*'s death. Gods, that the world should
turn
On minutes, and on moments!

Mir. My Lord, lose not your self
In passion, but take counsel from necessity;
I'le to 'em, and will let them know
The Prince is dead, and that they come too late
To give him liberty; for love to him

Has

Has bred their diſcontents; I'le tell them boldly,
That they have loſt their hopes.

Ha. And tell them too,
As they have loſt their hopes o'th' one, they have loſt
Their fears o'th' other: tell their Leaders we deſire
Their counſel in the next ſucceſſion;
Which if it meet diſturbance,
Then we ſhall crave aſſiſtance from their power,
Which Fate could not have ſent in a more happy hour. *Exit Mirvan.*

Enter Lords, Caliph.

Cal. My Lord,
Ye hear the news, the Princes Army is at the gate.

Ha. I, I hear it, and feel it here; [*Aſide.*
But the ſucceſſion, that's the point
That firſt requires your counſel.

Cal. Who ſhould ſucceed, but *Soffy*?

Ha. What! in ſuch times as theſe, when ſuch an Army
Lies at our gates, to chuſe a Child our King?
You, my Lord *Caliph*, are better read in ſtory,
And can diſcourſe the fatal conſequences
When Children reign.

Cal. My Lords, if you'l be guided
By reaſon and example.----

Enter Abdal and Morat.

Ha. My Lords, you come moſt opportunely, we were entring

Into diſpute about the next ſucceſſion.

Ab. Who dares diſpute it? we have a powerful argument

Of forty thouſand ſtrong, that ſhall confute him.

Cal. A powerful argument indeed.

Ab. I, ſuch a one as will puzzle all your Logick

And diſtinctions to anſwer it;

And ſince we came too late for the performance

Of our intended ſervice to the Prince,

The wronged Prince, we cannot more expreſs

Our loyalty to him, than in the right

Of his moſt hopeful Son.

Ha. But is he not too young?

Mor. Sure you think us ſo too; but he, and we

Are old enough to look through your diſguiſe,

And under that to ſee his Fathers Enemies.

A Guard there.

Enter Guard.

Mor. Seize him, and you that could ſhew reaſon or example.

Ha. Seize me! for what?

Ab. Canſt thou remember ſuch a name as *Mirza*,

And ask for what?

Ha. That name I muſt remember, and with horrour;

But few have dyed for doing,

What they had dy'd for if they had not done:

It

It was the Kings command, and I was only
Th' unhappy miniſter.

Ab. I, ſuch a miniſter as wind to fire,
That adds an accidental fierceneſs to
Its natural fury.

Mor. If 'twere the Kings command, 'twas firſt thy malice
Commanded that command, and then obey'd it.

Ha. Nay, if you have reſolv'd it, truth and reaſon
Are weak and idle arguments;
But let me pity the unhappy inſtruments
Of Princes wills, whoſe anger is our fate,
And yet their love's more fatal than their hate.

Ab. And how well that love hath been requited,
Mirvan your Confident,
By torture has confeſt.

Mor. The ſtory of the King, and of the Baſhaws.

Ha. Mirvan, poor-ſpirited wretch, thou haſt deceiv'd me;
Nay then farewel my hopes, and next my fears.

Enter Soffy.

So. What horrid noiſe was that of Drums and Trumpets, that ſtruck my Ear?
What mean theſe bonds? could not my Grandſiars jealouſie
Be ſatisfied upon his Son, but now
Muſt ſeize his deareſt Favourite? ſure my turn comes next.

Ab. 'Tis come already, Sir; but to ſucceed him, not them:
Long live King *Soffy*.

Without Drums and Trumpets.

So. But why are theſe men Priſoners?
Ab. Let this inform you.
So. But is my Grandſire dead?
Ab. As ſure as we are alive.
So. Then let 'em ſtill be priſoners, away with 'em;
Invite our Mother from her ſad retirement,
And all that ſuffer for my Fathers love,
Reſtraint or puniſhment.

Enter Princeſs.

So. Dear Mother, make
Our happineſs compleat, by breaking through
That cloud of ſorrow,
And let us not be wanting to our ſelves,
Now th' heavens have done their part,
Leſt ſo ſevere and obſtinate a ſadneſs
Tempt a new vengeance.
Princeſs. Sir, to comply with you I'le uſe a violence
Upon my nature; Joy is ſuch a foreiner,
So meer a ſtranger to my thoughts, I know
Not how to entertain him; but ſorrow
Ill made by cuſtom ſo habitual,
'Tis now part of my nature.
So. But can no pleaſure, no delight divert it?
Greatneſs, or power, which women moſt affect,

If

If that can do it, rule me, and rule my Empire.

Princeſs. Sir, ſeek not to rob me of my tears, Fortune
Her ſelf is not ſo cruel; for my counſels
Then may be unſucceſsful, but my prayers
Shall wait on all your actions.

Enter Solyman, as from the Rack. Guard.

So. Alas poor *Solyman*, how is he altered?

Sol. Why, becauſe I would not accuſe your Father, when your Grandfather
Saw he could not ſtretch my conſcience, thus he has
Stretcht my carkaſs.

Mor. I think they have ſtretcht his wit too.

Sol. This is your Fathers love that lies thus in my bones;
I might have lov'd all the Pocky Whores in *Perſia*, and
Have felt it leſs in my bones.

So. Thy faith and honeſty ſhall be rewarded
According to thine own deſire.

Sol. Friend, I pray thee tell me whereabout my knees are,
I would fain kneel to thank his Majeſty:
Why Sir, for the preſent my deſire is only to have
A good Bone-ſetter, and when your Majeſty has done that office
To the Body Politick, and ſome skilful
Man to this body of mine (which if it had been a Body

Politick, had never come to this) I ſhall by that
Time think on ſomething for my ſuffering:
But muſt none of theſe great ones be Hang'd for
Their Villanies? (*Aſide.*

Mor. Yes certainly.

Sol. Then I need look no further, ſome of their eſtates
Will ſerve my turn.

Sol. Bring back thoſe villains.

Enter Haly and Caliph.

Sol. Now to your tears, dear Madam, and the Ghoſt
Of my dead Father, will I conſecrate
The firſt fruits of my juſtice: Let ſuch honours
And funeral rites, as to his birth and vertues
Are due, be firſt performed, then all that were
Actors, or Authors of ſo black a deed,
Be ſacrific'd as Victims to his Ghoſt:
Firſt thou, my holy Devil, that couldſt varniſh
So foul an act with the fair name of Piety:
Next thou, th' abuſer of thy Princes ear.

Cal. Sir, I beg your mercy.

Ha. And I a ſpeedy death, nor ſhall my reſolution
Diſarm it ſelf, nor condeſcend to parley
With fooliſh hope.

So. 'Twere cruelty to ſpare 'em, I am ſorry

I muſt commence my reign in blood, but duty
And juſtice to my fathers ſoul exact
This cruel piety; lets ſtudy for a puniſhment,
A feeling one,
And borrow from our ſorrow ſo much time,
T' invent a torment equal to their crime.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

The Epilogue.

'TIs done, and we alive again, and now
There is no Tragedy, but in your brow.
And yet our Author hopes you are pleas'd, if not;
This having fail'd, he has a second Plot:
'Tis this; the next day send us in your Friends,
Then laugh at them, and make your selves amends.
Thus, whether it be good or bad, yet you
May please your selves, and you may please us too:
But look you please the Poet, lest he vow
A full revenge upon you all, but how?
'Tis not to kill you all twenty a day,
He'l do't at once, a more compendious way;
He means to write again; but so much worse,
That seeing that, you'l think it a just curse,
For censuring this: 'Faith give him your applause,
As you give Beggars Money; for no cause,
But that he's troublesome, and he has swore,
As Beggars do, he'l trouble you no more.

refuery
rogue
rofuery